

THE CANADIAN FORUM

A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



NOTES ON THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

IN DEFENCE OF PROVINCIAL RIGHTS

EDUCATION AND THE PRESENT CRISIS

HUNGER by MAZO DE LA ROCHE

DEPORTATIONS . . NOTES and COMMENT

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TORONTO, JULY, 1932

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FOR ALL THE PEOPLE

IT IS not often that THE CANADIAN FORUM finds itself able to quote Mr. Bennett with approval. Yet while explaining his programme for nationalizing the radio he stated a principle which might almost be taken as one of the bases of our editorial policy. After describing the air as a 'natural resource' over which the Dominion Parliament had full jurisdiction, he said: 'I believe that there is no government in Canada that does not regret today that it has parted with some of these natural resources for considerations wholly inadequate and on terms that do not reflect the principle under which the Crown holds the natural resources in trust for all the people'. The natural resources of Canada are held in trust for *all* the people: that is the matter in a nutshell. It is the duty of Dominion and provincial governments to see the principle applied. Obviously it ought not to be confined to mere air. The water-powers, the forests, the minerals, all the sources of wealth, in fact, are natural resources. Are these being developed for the benefit of *all* the people? The question is absurd in face of the thousand and one private corporations which have been busy and are still busy exploiting public wealth, firstly for the benefit of financiers and promoters, secondly for the wider but still small group of shareholders, and thirdly, and a long way last, for the working men and women of Canada who constitute the major part of 'all the people'. Mr. Bennett deserves praise for having saved the radio for the public. Is he willing to pursue the full implications of his statement?

RADIUM DEPOSITS

AN IMMEDIATE possibility of saving another of our natural resources faces the Government today. Immensely valuable radium deposits have been discovered in the neighbourhood of the Great Bear Lake. The ore is said to be so rich that it can be transported by aeroplane at a profit, despite the distances to be covered. If it is permitted to be developed by private enterprise, the course of events can be predicted with reasonable certainty. The companies which have staked their claims will proceed to bring out and market the ore. They will probably force down the world price to some extent by competing with the Belgian interests which at present control the market, but it is more likely that there will be an agreement to maintain the price at a point profitable to both groups, and as much as possible above

the actual cost of production. Shareholders in these corporations will receive extra dividends, while a few hundred workmen may be employed at current rates of wages. The working of Canada's desposits will thus result in a continuous accumulation of the wealth derived from radium in the hands of those few people wealthy enough already to own shares in the companies. Whereas, if the mines were to be publicly developed, every cent of profit would go to swell the national revenue, and the profit itself would be kept small so as to leave the price within reach of the numerous medical and scientific research laboratories which would use the ore if it were cheap enough.

THE 1932 SESSION

THOSE people who denounce the futility of democratic political institutions have been provided with plenty of ammunition by the recent session of our legislators at Ottawa. In a country whose economic condition is every month becoming more critical Parliament simply marked time. The government had to show for its two years of office only a sharply accentuated increase of unemployment and a foreign trade which has just exactly been cut in two. In spite of its loud professions of economy it did not come within measurable distance of really balancing its budget; and the alternative policy of spending money on public works in order to provide employment until private industry recovers has been ignominiously abandoned for the hitherto much-abused dole. Either we must still further intensify the suffering in this country until governments and private concerns have reached a real financial balance or our national authorities must pursue an expansionist policy to keep money circulating. But our Ottawa government has not the requisite nerve to try either policy. So we continue to drift. The official Opposition have been even more futile than the government. Their demand for a reduced tariff is, of course, simple common sense; but nobody believes in their sincerity after the record of the King administration from 1921 to 1930. On other questions which are perhaps more vital than the tariff, on all the questions which centre about currency and credit control, the Liberal party has shown itself without any policy and without any understanding of the issues involved. Even were the Liberals feeling their way towards a policy which would offer a real alternative to the government's desperate efforts to save our manufacturing and financial institutions, regardless of what happens to the rest of the community,

Mr. Bennett has only to spring an investigation into the Montreal Bridge in order to keep them wandering in the valley of humiliation for another decade. The one section of the House which showed evidence of doing serious thinking about our economic problems was that of the Western independents. It is depressing to observe how little effect they seem to have upon their fellow-members.

RADIO

THE complete victory of the agitation for the national control and administration of radio broadcasting still seems almost too good to be true. Undoubtedly it was chiefly due to the very effective lobby carried on at Ottawa by Mr. Graham Spry and his associates, and to the skilful persistence with which they spread propaganda through the newspapers. Their success is suggestive of what might be done in other causes by a few public-spirited citizens like them. Presumably it was the national appeal to save Canada from American advertising which won over Mr. Bennett. But we are still puzzled to know how it came about that at the very last moment Mr. Beatty was willing to suffer the public rebuff of advocating a totally opposed policy and being turned down cold. It must have been well known to the insiders by the time that Mr. Beatty came to the stand that the government was going to decide against him; and therefore it must have been well known to the C.P.R. But the C.P.R. is not accustomed to being refused things when it wants them, especially when it wants them as badly as it wanted a monopoly of broadcasting, and most especially when it makes the request from a government so completely under the control of big business as is the present one. We are therefore driven to the conclusion that when the C.P.R. loosened its tentacles from broadcasting it had a pretty fair expectation that it was to get a still firmer grip on something else that it wanted. And the only something else that we can think of at the moment is the national railway system.

DISTURBING PROPHECIES

PARLIAMENT came to an end without seeing any concrete embodiment of Mr. Bennett's vague hints concerning the imminence of a financial crisis and the necessity of stringent measures to meet it. The prophet, after his oracular pronouncement, retired into his cave, leaving his words hovering in the air with a threat of impending doom. The whole affair remains wrapped in mystery. Why, in the midst of his paeans on the soundness of our national structure, Mr. Bennett should have burst forth with this sudden ray of gloom; and why, having uttered a forecast of comprehensive and extraordinary measures, he should have taken no further steps to introduce these measures or to explain his words — these are matters which still lack explanation. The uncertainty is the more troubling from the fact that the Prime Minister's cryptic pronouncement is only too clearly based on a foundation of fact. There is no doubt that, given a continuation of the present course of events, a very grave situation involving our whole national structure will be the eventual outcome. There is not the shadow of doubt that drastic steps would have to be taken in such an event. But the question of what sort of steps would be taken by the present

government is one which may well give us furiously to think. Apparently it is contemplated, among other things, that the Government should come to the rescue of those large corporations which find themselves in difficulties. In any such case, the details of government action must be subject to the closest scrutiny, and public interest must be fully safeguarded if public funds are to be involved. Given a selective policy, which would confine such aid to those corporations whose existence is bound up with national interest, and not to every dubious concern which happens to have a friend at court; given a recognition that public aid involves at least a measure of public control, so that the private mismanagement which has endangered private investment will not expose the public funds to the same fate; given such terms of control that, in the event of continued difficulties, the government shall have power to take over those concerns in which the public funds have become irretrievably involved; given these conditions, there is a great deal to be said for the fullest use of the resources of the Government. But if — as our unworthy suspicion is — the public resources are to be pledged without these safeguards, and private irresponsibility is merely given a new lease of life at the public expense, we will be faced with a situation far more serious than anything confronting us at present.

GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE

IT IS remarkable how the outcry against Government interference with business has quieted down in the past year or so. At the beginning of the Depression, it was the habit of our sturdy individualists to blame their woes on the meddlesome nature of public authorities, and to insist that all that was necessary was to allow the hard-headed business man to pursue his hard-headed policies, and the land would once more overflow with milk and honey. Apart from a faint and occasional echo from the depths of the United States, such optimistic utterances have disappeared into the silence which cloaks the average quarterly meeting on dividends. Instead, there is rising from all sides a more and more insistent demand for Government action to pull private business out of the pit which it has dugged for itself. Bonuses, tariffs, unemployment relief, direct financial assistance — to say nothing of the outcry when public bodies dare to maintain wages while private concerns are slashing them right and left — these are the measures which Big Business is now avidly demanding. But will it affect the philosophy of individualism if and when the crisis comes to an end? One would like to see a record kept of all pronouncements about government interference in business — and the authors of such pronouncements taken at their word. It would be a punishment eminently fitted to the crime.

UNEMPLOYMENT STATISTICS

THE first serious attempt to estimate the extent of unemployment in Canada was placed on record at the recent annual meeting of the Canadian Political Science Association, held in Toronto. According to estimates presented by Prof. G. E. Jackson, Prof. H. M. Cassidy and Mr. A. G. Heakes of the University of Toronto, the number of unemployed workers in eight major industrial groups (not including agriculture) rose from about 40,000 in August of

1929 to 727,000 in March of this year. In 1929, Prof. Jackson and his colleagues claimed, 8.5 per cent. of all workers in these industries were unemployed, on the average; in 1930, 15 per cent.; in 1931, 25 per cent.; and in March, 1932, the last and the worst month for which estimates were made, 36 per cent. Two days later, in the House of Commons, Hon. H. H. Stevens and the Prime Minister challenged these startling figures. Mr. Stevens stated that they were not supported by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics and in support of his claim that they were 'very wide of the mark' said that the census of last June showed 286,874 unemployed persons in cities and towns of more than 5,000 population. Prof. Jackson, in an interview reported by the *Southam* papers, replied that this statement tended to confirm rather than disprove the estimates, for if unemployment were on the same scale in communities of less than 5,000 population the total number of unemployed persons in the eight industrial groups would be close to 477,000, the estimated figure for June of 1931. He also pointed out that the estimates were based upon official figures, the Dominion Bureau's monthly index numbers of employment. At this point the controversy rests, with the economists, it appears, having much the better of the argument.

HOLDING UP THE FACTS

THE discussion has been useful in more ways than one. For one thing, it has called attention to the fact that we have no adequate official statistics on the extent of unemployment, a most serious lack in our public information. For another, it has impressed many people with the fact that the proportion of unemployment in Canada is dangerously high. If the estimates are nearly correct, it appears that Canada's unemployment problem, during the last year or so, has been even more severe than that of Great Britain. Ministry of Labour figures place the percentage of unemployment in Britain during 1931 at 21.4 per cent., and in February of this year at 22 per cent.; while the corresponding estimated figures for Canada are 25 per cent. and 35 per cent. Evidence of this sort may do something to counteract the pollyanna talk that has been so common in certain quarters to the effect that Canada has suffered less from the depression than any other country. Finally, the discussion has brought out the fact, which had been generally forgotten, that a census count of the unemployed was made last June and that the results of this count have not yet been released, except for the partial figure quoted in the House by Mr. Stevens (under the necessity of minimizing the Jackson-Cassidy-Heakes estimates). With the census figures and the index numbers of employment issued monthly by the Dominion Bureau reasonably good estimates of the extent of unemployment could be made month by month. Why have the census results been held up for a year? Surely there has been ample time for compiling them. Have they been held at the Bureau for political reasons, because the government well knows they paint a very pessimistic, and therefore unofficial, picture? Whatever the reason, it is high time that these important figures were released. It might be added, as a commentary upon the futility of the Opposition during the last session of the House, that not a single member asked for the census of unemployment data until

Mr. J. S. Woodworth did so on the day before prorogation, and this in spite of the fact that weeks had been consumed in debate on unemployment earlier in the session!

PROTESTS FROM ABROAD

THE Provincial Government of Ontario — supported by all the might, majesty, dominion, and power of the Federal authorities — has succeeded in outlawing the Communist party, and it may plume itself on its success in carrying out this operation without arousing any effective liberal opposition. The Government has taken the stand that it is only enforcing the law, whereas it is obvious that the decision to prosecute the Communists was a matter of general political policy, and the particular section of the criminal code under which they were charged was a very secondary consideration. Most of the members of that small group of Canadians who are genuinely liberal in their opinions have either shrugged their shoulders or graciously accepted the Government's thesis that the left-wingers are guilty of specific crimes and are being proceeded against as law-breakers. It has remained for a few representatives of liberal thought in Great Britain and the U. S. to brush aside this superficial aspect of legalism and protest against the un-democratic policy of suppressing a political party because its theories are unpalatable to the party in power. G. B. S. sent a cable to the Canadian Labour Defence League, as follows: 'Your Government must be mad to persecute Communists as such at this dangerous moment. Is it really pro-Jap and pro-war?' At the same time Upton Sinclair sent the following wire:—

If the authorities of Canada desire to bring it about that every working man in the country would ask questions about communism, argue about it to learn what it means, they could not have chosen a more perfect way. Martyrdom is hard on the martyrs, but it is the only effective and indeed their only weapon. The future belongs to the workers, and all the prisons, policemen's clubs, and soldiers machine-guns cannot take it away from them.

More recently a letter was addressed to Mr. Bennett, and signed by a number of well-known American liberals. It read: 'The undersigned Americans, who are not Communists, noting the Canadian Government's persecution of the Communist movement for mere belief and Party membership, join in opposing the present convictions and prosecutions, and in urging the repeal of Section 98 of the Criminal Code'. The letter is signed by Harry Elmer Barnes, Jerome Davis, John Haynes Holmes, Corliss Lamont, Charles Edward Russell, Upton Sinclair, Robert Morss Lovett, Norman Thomas, and Oswald Garrison Villard. These protests have, of course, received very little publicity in the Canadian press.

MONETARY REFORM

THE most difficult questions arising out of the present world crisis centre about the subjects of credit and currency. It becomes clearer every month that the powers who control the issue of credit control all our economic activities, and that in Canada these powers are private profit-seeking bankers in whose hands the Department of Finance is only a tool. Yet no function in the community is so fraught with public responsibility as this function of regulating the flow of credit and the level of prices. It must be a

main plank in the platform of every forward-looking group or party that this responsibility shall be placed in the hands of public officials. But the technical procedure by which a managed currency may be made possible is a matter of the greatest difficulty, and experts dispute about it endlessly. Public education on this question is a pressing necessity. Recently a group of the Western independent members at Ottawa have formed the Canadian Monetary Reform League. They hope to provide a nucleus for the union of all the scattered groups in Canada who are discussing currency reform, through which these various bodies may agree on a broad common policy and bring combined pressure to bear on Parliament. Mr. Henry Spencer, M.P., is president of the League, and its address is P.O. Box 322, Ottawa. It has issued a memorandum in which it advocates the abandonment of gold altogether and the placing of the control of a managed currency in public hands. Mr. Spencer and his associates invite the cooperation of all other Canadians who are thinking along these lines.

INTERLOCKING DIRECTORATES

ANOTHER great Canadian corporation has lost its reputation for honesty and integrity. The annual report of Price Brothers & Co., Ltd., shows that during the past year \$1,273,300 of the Company's money was 'advanced' to Quebec Investment Company, Ltd., a shareholder. This is a direct infringement of the Quebec Companies Act. The Quebec Investment Company is, of course, a certain number of directors of Price Brothers organized in another way. No security was given for the loan. Some directors, it is true, protested, and Mr. G. G. Allen and Sir Herbert Holt resigned during the year. But the deal stands. So our financial history continues to be made — Canada Power & Paper, Beauharnois, McDougall & Cowans, Price Brothers. Are Canada's other economic institutions, composed in many instances of directorates interlocking with the above, run in a different manner? People who contend that government ownership is always dishonest had better consider a little more carefully how they fare at the hands of private enterprise.

THAT 3,000 MILE FRONTIER AGAIN

AVERY interesting study of the effectiveness with which an understanding of the neighbouring country is taught to the secondary school pupils of Canada and the States has recently been made by Dean Arthur Hauck of Lafayette College. He made out a list of elementary factual questions and had them submitted to the senior classes in history and geography of a selected group of schools in the two countries. (Quebec was omitted). The Canadians showed themselves far better informed than the Americans. Altogether 1,267 U.S. pupils were tested and 1,168 Canadians. Of the latter 64% had made visits in the States while only 28% of the Americans had crossed the boundary. 76% of the Canadians had relatives in the States, but only 14% of the Americans had relatives in Canada. 89% of the Canadians read American newspapers or magazines — 237 read the *Saturday Evening Post*, 169 the *Literary Digest*, 31 the *New York Times*, and 12 the *Atlantic Monthly*. 96% of the Americans never saw a Canadian publication; the 4% minority were all pupils of a French-

Canadian school in Manchester, N.H., or of the Eastern High School in Detroit. Of the Americans who were asked to write down the names of five famous living Canadians only 18% responded; 77 mentioned Mr. Mackenzie King, 46 Mr. Bennett, 24 Percy Williams, and 16 Eddie Shore. 89% of the Canadians answered the similar test; 612 of them named Henry Ford and only 14 named Aimee Semple Macpherson. When asked to name five great men in Canadian history only 27% of the American pupils made the attempt, and nearly all the names that occurred to them were of men in the colonization and exploration period. 95% of the Canadians were able to name famous Americans, 976 naming Lincoln and 505 Woodrow Wilson, though it must be added that 55 named Warren G. Harding. Only 6% of the Americans could give an approximately correct estimate of our population, only 14% knew the name of our prime minister, and only 21% knew that Ottawa is our capital. Only 3% of them knew anything about the Rush-Bagot agreement and not a single one knew anything about the International Joint Commission; the Canadian percentage on each of these last two questions was 25. Dean Hauck also examined the text-books in history and geography which are in common use in the two countries and found, as might be expected, that the Canadian books give a far fuller account of Canadian-American relations than do the American books.

ADULT EDUCATION

CANADA'S first Institute on economic and international affairs will be held this summer at Y.M.C.A. Park, Lake Couchiching, Ontario, August 15th to 27th. Similar institutes in other countries have assisted in bringing about a common understanding of world problems and the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s of Canada, which is sponsoring the present undertaking, anticipates that the Canadian Institute will occupy a large place in this field of service. By the lecture-conferences, which are to be one feature of the Institute, it is planned to draw on the knowledge of competent scholars. Prof. R. M. MacIver, Professor of Political Philosophy and Sociology, Columbia University, will conduct the lecture-conferences on economics and politics. Dr. MacIver was formerly head of the department of political science, University of Toronto. Economics and Industry, with special reference to a number of Canada's major problems, will be presented by Prof. J. F. Parkinson, University of Toronto, and 'International Organization' by Prof. N. A. M. MacKenzie, who is a member of the Institute of Pacific Relations. Prof. John Line of Victoria University, Toronto, will present a philosophy of social reconstruction. The Institute will also include a series of forums on public questions to be led by well-known Canadians, and is making provision for round-table discussions under competent leadership. Among the speakers at the forums are: J. M. Macdonnell of the National Trust, J. S. Woodsworth, M.P., Agnes Macphail, M.P., and Francis Hankin of Montreal. Principal C. W. Bishop of Albert College, Belleville, is chairman of the planning and promotion committee of the Institute, which will be of interest to social workers, editors, ministers, industrial and labour leaders, Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. secretaries, and others who are concerned about the present situation. The programme has been arranged

in consultation with a committee representing various church, religious, social welfare, labour and women's organizations.

INDEPENDENCE PAPERS

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago Mr. John S. Ewart of Ottawa began publishing pamphlets about 'The Kingdom of Canada'. Discussions of our constitutional status and development have been coming from his pen ever since in a steady stream. His papers have been bound in several volumes — *The Kingdom of Canada, Kingdom Papers* Vols. 1 and 2, *Independence Papers* Vol. 1. Now in Vol. 2, No. 15, of the *Independence Papers* he writes his valedictory. 'With the emergence of Canada from all semblance of political subordination to the United Kingdom; with her elevation to a status of political equality with the United Kingdom; and with her international recognition as a juristic entity among the nations of the earth — that is with the accomplishment of the object for which the Kingdom Papers were instituted twenty-eight years ago, publication of the Papers also disappears'. When Mr. Ewart began to write, the sturdy national spirit with which he protested against our continuing colonial status was not so well developed in our country as it is now. He has lived to see the Imperial relationship transformed as he wished, and has had the pleasure of watching his fellow citizens slowly catch up with his own thinking. And today he can quote with some pride the statement of our Prime Minister that 'with the adoption of the Statute of Westminster the political Empire disappears'. Canada has not been too rich in men who have done their thinking for themselves, who have maintained their principles regardless of popularity, and who have paid their fellow citizens the compliment of always appealing to their reason rather than to their passions. We congratulate Mr. Ewart upon his long and useful career as an educator of public opinion.

DEPORTATIONS

THE lot of the foreigner in Canada, in this, the third year of the great depression, is not a happy one. Prior to 1929, for thirty or forty years, our Immigration Department extended a welcoming hand to all the peoples of Europe, and hundreds of thousands of immigrants poured into this country with high hopes of making a new start in life, of finding in this new and freer land greater opportunities for progress, and prospects of a better livelihood. In those expansive days Canada needed the foreign worker. Millions of acres of good farming land were waiting for the plough, labourers were required for the construction of public works, railways, and canals, and our new industrial system needed wage-slaves to groom and feed the hungry machines. There was a tendency, particularly in the larger cities, for the native-born Canadian to turn his back on any kind of manual labour — with the exception of a few highly-skilled and well-paid occupations — and to become a member of the white-collar classes. Rough and unskilled labour was all right for the foreigner, but it was not good enough for any native Nordic who was possessed of average intelligence and ambition. Being an intensive-individualistic people, only one generation removed

from the pioneer stage, it is scarcely surprising that Canadians feel very little sense of collective responsibility towards the newcomers who have taken on their shoulders much of the heavy work of developing our natural resources. In prosperous times, when there are plenty of jobs to go around, they are tolerated, and are addressed — in a patronizing way — as 'New Canadians'. When times are hard, and the native is forced by economic pressure to compete with the immigrant for any kind of work — including the pick and shovel jobs — then he is treated as foreigners always have been treated, in all times and in all places, with a complete lack of consideration. Then he becomes a 'Dirty Wop', a 'Hunky', or a 'Dago', and is regarded as an interloper who is trying to take the bread out of the honest mouths of our Native Sons. Naturally there are members of the employing class who are not slow to utilize these racial enmities for the purpose of keeping the workers divided among themselves, so that they may be able to play off one group against the other.

* * *

In the early colonial days there were very few restrictions on immigration. But as the Dominions secured greater and greater measures of autonomy the rules which regulated the admission of immigrants became more strict, in spite of continued political pressure on the part of the transportation companies, who were naturally anxious to have as free a hand as possible. In recent years only favoured classes were admitted, and intending immigrants were required to undergo medical examinations before being permitted to sail for Canada. Individuals who had known criminal records, who suffered from certain communicable diseases or deformities, professional prostitutes, or those who were likely to become a public charge were denied entrance. These restrictions are all very well, as it is obvious that no country can afford to establish a sanctuary for all the criminal and anti-social elements in the world. But, after examining, questioning, and finally admitting a foreigner, on the assumption that he meets all our requirements, there is certainly an obligation on our part to accept him as a potential citizen, and he should not be subject to discrimination on account of foreign birth. Instead of this, our official policy is to regard the foreign-born as being here only on sufferance. If, at any time, an immigrant is guilty of any infraction of our laws — and naturally the foreigner is less familiar with our criminal code than the native-born citizen — or is suspected of belonging to an illegal organization, or becomes an inmate of a house of prostitution, or is guilty of the supreme crime of poverty, then he, or she, is liable to deportation. This means that the foreigner is subject to a double penalty if found guilty of breaking the law. Some Canadians, who, by the mercy of Providence, have been permitted to be born in this country, also run foul of the law and become thieves, prostitutes, or members of the unemployed, and — if they are caught at it — they pay the prescribed penalty. A certain percentage of immigrants, living in the same environment, follow the same course; but in their case, after the law has exacted the usual punishment, they are turned over to the Department of Immigration and shipped home to their native land. To argue that this is not an additional punishment is absurd. Moreover, there is no dead-line in

time beyond which the immigrant is safe. Two or three years ago Mr. J. S. Woodsworth tried to get the Federal House to accept an amendment to the Immigration Act, which would provide that after an immigrant had been ten years in this country he would no longer be subject to deportation. Even such a mild and obviously reasonable provision was turned down cold by the House.

* * *

According to the CANADA YEAR BOOK, in the twenty-five years between 1903 and 1928, 27,660 immigrants were deported from Canada, and since the beginning of the depression in 1929 these proceedings have been greatly accelerated, more than 7,000 people having been deported in 1931 alone. The reasons for deportation in the 1903-28 period are given as follows: Medical causes 6,977, Public Charges 9,978, Criminality 7,429, Other Civil Causes 2,069, and Accompanying Deported Persons 1,207. According to nationalities, the deportees were: British 14,700, American 7,348, and Other Countries 5,612. Before, and during the War, the numbers were comparatively small, but since 1922 there has not been a year in which less than fifteen hundred people were deported. From the above figures it is clear that more stress is placed upon economic considerations than upon ethnic origins, as the majority of our discards have been of British stock. It is equally plain that the most serious crime that an immigrant can commit is the negative one of failing to 'make good', as nearly two-fifths of the cases were those of people who had become a 'public charge'. Our immigration officials would probably agree with Mr. Bernard Shaw when he says that the supreme crime is that of poverty, although Mr. Shaw and the officials would hardly agree as to whether the blame for this condition should rest upon the individual or upon society as a whole. To some degree the foreigner is in a better position than the British-born immigrant, as the foreigner can become a naturalized Canadian, whereas a settler from Great Britain does not need to take out naturalization papers. But even this protection is relative rather than absolute, as provision is made for the cancellation of certificates. The Hon. W. A. Gordon, Minister of Immigration and Colonization, replied to a question at the last session of Parliament, as follows:—

I have not before me any detailed information with respect to the question asked by the hon. member, but I can say that the act certainly provides for the cancellation of naturalization certificates in cases where these certificates should be cancelled. I believe that there have been a number of cancellations; if there have not, there should have been.

On May 6th, 1932, in answer to another question in the House (Hansard, p. 2881), Mr. Gordon gave some information about the boards of inquiry which deal with these deportation cases. He was asked if any specific charge had to be laid against individuals before they are compelled to appear before the board. Mr. Gordon replied:—

No charge as such is contemplated by the act. A complaint is made to an officer who as defined by the act, may include the municipal clerk of a village, town, or city, an officer of the department, or a peace officer. A complaint is made and then the inquiry is set on foot. After the case is heard pro and con, a report is made to the minister, and if in the minister's judgment the board of inquiry has come to a proper conclusion, and if the person whose case is being investigated, has rendered himself

liable, under the provisions of the statute, to being returned to his country of origin, appropriate action is taken.

As the board of inquiry is held, in many cases, at the port of embarkation, this means that the investigation may be held hundreds of miles from the place where the immigrant has been living. Under such conditions the cards are plainly stacked against the individual under investigation, from the start. He may be picked up by Mounted Police officers in Winnipeg, or in some small town in Ontario, and rushed to Halifax, without any opportunity to see his friends or relatives, or make any disposition of his personal affairs. But he is not under arrest, he is merely in detention!

* * *

During the recent election campaign in the constituency of West York, the Premier of Ontario, Hon. George S. Henry, in answer to a heckler, replied: 'No man will be deported from this country so long as he behaves himself'. (*Mail and Empire*, May 27). Unfortunately for Tory consistency, the *Mail and Empire* published a despatch from Ottawa, which appeared three days later. It ran as follows:—

No particular significance is attached to the proposed deportation of 37 foreigners from Kitchener, ordered by an immigration board of inquiry, it was learned at the Department of Immigration here. The same thing was taking place in many municipalities throughout Canada, it was stated, and such cases became more frequent in times of unemployment.

So far as the two old political parties are concerned, there is not much to choose between them, as regards their attitude on the subject of deportations. The present Immigration Act was revised in 1927, when the Liberals were in power, but all its more inhumane provisions were retained. On the other hand the Conservative party, since it has been in office has been much more active in deporting aliens — but this may be merely incidental to the depression. Deportation is one of the weapons of the class struggle, and will be used more and more as this struggle becomes sharper. It is a club held over the heads of the foreign-born worker, in an attempt to keep him docile. It is also used to discourage the unemployed immigrant from applying for relief. It will probably remain until the Canadian workers greatly strengthen their political and industrial organizations.

J. F. W.

TRANSITION

Here is an end of what I thought was peace,
This stifling calm, this lassitude, like death,
How ever can the fires of youth increase,
If ardors temper not the listless breath?
How can I tell myself that this is life,
This soporific letting what will be,
This slinking from an ever-present strife
Which drowns me in its sluggish, dismal sea?
This peace, I say, is rife with lost regret,
My quietude is compact of a lie,
I am a man who cannot soon forget
That langour is too sure a way to die.
Here is an end of peace for me: again
The eager heart, the immemorial pain.

VERNAL BRONSON HOUSE

NOTES ON THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

By EDWARD ARTHUR BEDER

I.

IT IS amazing to observe the number of people who are today drawn into subscribing to some sort of socialist doctrine, without at the same time realizing to the smallest extent the implication of their attitude. Their social unrest has led them to mouth Socialism as some kind of pious hope, to look upon it as a deodorant for the offensiveness of the present social system. But they seem satisfied to content themselves with their present vague conception of a socialist society; they seem in fact, not to want this vagueness dispelled and certain clear outlines introduced to them.

The reason for this apparently lies in the newness of the idea. They have a hard time envisaging a drastic change in our present structure, and not, at bottom, to want it if it can possibly be avoided. They suffer from a sort of sentimental attachment to capitalism, much as a man hates to part with an old suit. But just as the individual comes to realize that he cannot parade with a pair of openwork pants and retain his status in the community, so the individuals who now shy at going a step further and finding out what the implications of socialism really are will come in time to see that murmuring Socialism as an incantation to the depression is scarcely enough, that they will have to accept it as a working programme, and their first business then will be to find out how it works.

II.

The greatest contribution to mankind that Russia has made is selling the idea of a planned economy to those thinking individuals who are occasionally to be found in this world of comic supplements and tragic fundamentals.

While there will always arise some erudite professor who will argue that planning was common to the Egyptians, the Sumerians, and Jesse James, it is only with the impressive example of Russia before us that it can be said that the idea has taken hold with a bulldog grip. The more the mind dwells upon economic control the more does one become satisfied with the concept that intelligent direction and iron control can eliminate the woes of unemployment and insecurity that have periodically engulfed the industrial era. So enthusiastic has been the reception accorded to the idea of a planned national economy that it is now in danger of being exploited as an instrument to keep capitalism in the saddle. So-called economists now urbanely suggest that the socialist root which gave forth this plant should be quietly removed, and that the flower be taken over by capitalist society to give a new aroma to the old stench. Fortunately there can be no flower without a root, as the first efforts of any capitalist state to enforce economic control will speedily show. But the valiant efforts now being made to do this trick are indicative of the first-rate filching and tenth-rate thinking that distinguish our present society.

III.

The humane quality of the Socialists is at once their most commendable characteristic and the source of their greatest political danger. Consider the question of Unemployment Insurance on non-contributory lines, which is the only sort of insurance that could

today be introduced. The socialists, I believe, would vote for it to a man. The spectacle of hundreds of thousands of starving men, women, and children in this country moves them enormously, and prompts them to seek to prod the government into doing something for these unfortunate victims of a chaotic system. But what would be the effect of a dole in this country? No different from the effect it produced in Britain and Germany. It would simply serve to stabilize the pauperization of the country. It would render permanently docile vast numbers of men and implant in them a certain contentment with their lot. If capitalism could not find them work, it would be at least finding them bread, and they would learn to make the best of it. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the dole is a form of insurance paid by the capitalist class to keep the discontent and suffering of their system within controllable bounds. It is very cheap insurance, cheaper even than machine guns in the long run. The fact that it has not been instituted by the ruling elements of this country testifies eloquently to their stupidity. But it is no part of the socialist programme to nullify the consequences of this stupidity in a manner that will leave capitalism more entrenched than ever. The dole is the ace of capitalist devices to hold the fort — socialists will be fools to forget it.

IV.

In seeking around for methods of resuscitation in order to restore life to the prone figure of capitalist economy, an army of experts is now busy with preparing money theories and all manner of schemes arising from a money base in the hope of perfecting the right sort of shot in the arm that will bring capitalism back on its feet again ready for the next round. Whilst these tinkers with money, gold, and credit are welcome to the excruciating diversion of hatching schemes to make capitalism work, a new menace has arisen to socialism through the fact that men who have embraced the idea of a socialist state have taken to playing in the same backyard with the money playboys.

It is well that they should understand one very simple fundamental. Money is the index of the whole capitalist economy, whereas under socialism it is simply a token. If the aim is to make capitalism work then there is no end to the convolutions, theories, and handsprings that one can apply to money control. Money is the faithful reflection of the capitalist system, with all its fluctuations, contradictions, and absurdities, and putting a money label on the whole business will not make the economic processes any clearer nor change the inherent defects of a profit system. Chaos under any label will remain chaos.

If the aim is to introduce a socialist economy then the heavy sweat worked up by these theories on money can be dispensed with. All that is necessary is to concentrate on the means of production, set up a means of control so that the populace can be put to work to supply its needs, and pay out money tokens to the people to buy back what they have produced.

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IN DEFENCE OF PROVINCIAL RIGHTS

By A. S. WHITELEY

I AM becoming convinced that whatever merit may have originally been contained in the plea for widening the powers of the Dominion government is rapidly being over-shadowed by the tendency to use the limited powers of the federal government as an excuse for the failure to make rapid progress in social and economic reform. The inclusion of the following clause in the constitution of the League for Social Reconstruction makes the question one of policy and justifies the emphasis that I am about to place upon it. One of the aims of the League is to secure 'the vesting in Canada of the power to amend and interpret the Canadian constitution so as to give the federal government power to control the national economic development'. Taken by itself I find little to oppose in this objective, but I do feel that in making this proposal one of the eight major planks, particularly when by implication most of the remainder call for federal action, the framers of the constitution have displayed one of the most serious defects in liberal thinking in Canada. At the risk of unnecessary repetition let me say that the desire for larger federal powers is not unsound in itself but that the insistence upon it reveals a reluctance on the part of reformers to come to grips with the determining factors in our present economic system. By keeping their attention fixed on the federal sphere the real difficulties in the path of social reconstruction are evaded, and the development of adequate measures for economic control is indefinitely postponed.

It is to be presumed that the immediate reason for seeking larger federal powers is to enable Canada, as a nation, to subscribe to the agreements that are sponsored by the International Labour Office. But in order to establish the argument that endorsement would be secured more readily by federal than provincial action it must be shown (a) that the opposition to the agreements is a majority opinion in one or two provinces only, and/or (b) that those opposed to the agreements could not exert their influence in the Dominion parliament as effectively as they now do in the provincial legislatures. While it may be shown that on certain questions the governmental policy in seven or eight of the provinces is directly opposed to that in one or two, it is by no means safe to conclude that if such questions were to be settled by federal action the voting would be favourable to economic reform in the proportion of 7:2. What would be more likely is that the opposition which was effectively silenced in the provinces would be free to unite with the majority opinion in the one or two provinces opposed and thus indefinitely block legislation.

Under the present division of powers we can secure reforms on a provincial basis even if some time elapses before the entire Dominion comes into line. Of course, it may be argued that greater federal authority might be attained without lessening the field now monopolized by the provincial legislatures, and thus we would retain all the advantages of the present system and gain, at the same time, wider national control. But I think that political history will show that the expansion of authority on the part of the federal government leads inevitably to the atrophy of like authority in the minor political divisions. In the April

issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM Mr. B. K. Sandwell ventured the opinion that the expression of the national will 'might conceivably take the form of resisting social reforms, or maintaining a nineteenth-century individualism in a world of twentieth-century socialism. Who knows? And for that matter, who cares?' Now I am sure that the League for Social Reconstruction does not consider that Mr. Sandwell's alternative is a serious danger. Yet are its members certain that the realization of this particular objective — greater federal authority — would result in more rapid social progress than can be achieved under the present system?

But whatever might be the practical consequences of larger federal power it is more important now to examine the attitude which leads liberal thinkers to urge so strongly a change in the political field and, in fact, to hold that such a modification is the *sine qua non* of further economic reform. On this point, I must admit, that I shall be attempting to analyze motives on the scantiest of evidence; but if I misinterpret the tendencies it should not be difficult to detect the errors in my conclusions. I believe that the desire for increased federal powers springs mainly from three sources, only one of which would be generally admitted. The first is the study of American politics, the second is political strategy, and the third is economic theory. I shall take these up in turn.

Canadian students are well aware that in certain outstanding cases the failure to secure the required majority of the states in the United States has blocked measures of reform which would have been adopted if the questions could have been settled by Congress. But to deduce from these examples that such frustration must be the fate of reform measures in Canada is carrying the analogy too far. In the first place Canada has but nine political divisions as compared with forty-eight in the United States. More important, the backward states contain from a twelfth to a sixth of the American people; while in those Canadian provinces with the least advanced social legislation we find from one-quarter to one-third of our population. In other words, if a large majority of the Canadian people desire a particular reform, a large and continuous section of the country will be able to enjoy it through provincial action. The same thing cannot be said of the United States. On the other hand, to hope that because a majority opinion already exists on certain matters it could be imposed, through federal action, on those areas which are of the opposite opinion is part of the mistaken political strategy which I wish to examine next.

The policy of seeking remedial social legislation by federal action over-simplifies the problems of our economic system. Even when federal action can be secured it turns out to be, at best, a negative means for improving conditions. The chief weapon for social reform in the federal field is taxation with its concomitant, the power of spending. But the prospect of achieving national equality for all sections by the method of equalizing incomes through taxation, in spite of the advances that can be made in this way, is, for the most part, illusory. To press federal authority beyond this method without first developing sound

measures of socialized provincial control appears to me to be inviting the defeat of any extensive programme of economic control. Yet the reason that attention is focused on Ottawa rather than on the provincial capitals or industrial centres is that the former seems to have greater possibilities than the latter. At this stage of our national development it seems so much easier to capture control of the Dominion parliament rather than to pursue the laborious process of building up strong local units in the provinces and of working out successful measures for social reform and industrial control in limited areas. The possibility of getting strategic control of the House of Commons and then creating a socialist state at one stroke acts as an unconscious force in the development of programmes by liberal thinkers. The success that has accompanied some of the efforts of pioneer labour members has strengthened the belief that it is possible to find short cuts in the path of social progress. But if such successes are studied I think that the analysis will show that the very advances that have been made were due to the power of provincial groups to force their representatives to adopt a liberal policy when it was demanded. But present economic conditions demand the formulation of public opinion on much more technical matters than the adoption of old age pensions; and the creation of such an opinion will necessitate far more education than has yet been given. This lack of education of the public is due, in part, to the lack of decision on the part of reformers. And this leads me to my third point, which is that liberals and even radicals are not certain that the measures they advocate are economically sound. Or, perhaps, they doubt if they can present their generalizations in the form of definite proposals which will withstand the attacks that will be made upon them.

Thus liberal thinkers find that they are facing a very awkward dilemma. For to continue a policy of preaching generalities at a time when the conditions demand specific remedies can only result in the public recognition of the futility of the proposed reforms. The recent history of the Labour Party in Great Britain proves that unless the reform group is prepared to cope with the intricate problems of finance and industry their policy will closely parallel that of the conservatives, only being relieved, to some extent, by larger grants of public aid. Thus, if the League for Social Reconstruction is to play an effective part in the political and economic life of the Dominion, it must begin by preparing detailed plans for economic control. When an effort is made to proceed along such lines it will be found that the provinces offer as large a field as is necessary for the development of economically sound policies. Or, more correctly, as large an area as can be included in any planning based on current economic knowledge of industrial movements.

The criticism just advanced does not lead to the conclusion that there should be no attempt at federal action. For it is already recognized that in certain matters the need for national control has been sufficiently demonstrated to warrant intervention. But in most of these fields the power for control is now possessed by the Dominion parliament. It is not difficult to show that current economic conditions demand a radical change in the monetary policy now being followed by the federal government. But to argue that the public ownership of utilities or the provision of greater security of employment and like

matters should be primarily the responsibility of the federal government is clearly to prejudge the case against local authority before any test has been made of its possibilities. While it may be shown that the prosperity of each industrial plant is intimately bound up with the economic life of the country, it can equally well be shown that if the industrial policy put forth is economically sound it may be pursued, in most cases, with advantage within the limits of a province. American experience, in this instance may be used to the opposite effect than that for which it is generally cited. The state of Wisconsin recently adopted a measure for unemployment insurance. In an area containing about three per cent. of the population of the United States a test will be made of the feasibility of a rather radical piece of legislation. If the measure proves to be economically sound it may hasten by years the adoption of similar legislation in other states; while, if such a measure could not have been adopted except by the country as a whole, progress in this direction might have been delayed for years.

My whole argument is that the next step in social progress must be the adoption of positive measures for economic control. Such measures can only be built up on actual experience gained in successful experiments of conducting industry along rational lines of operation and development. So far the Ontario Hydro-Electric System is the only evidence of the efficient operation of large-scale industry under public control in Canada. And even the results of this most successful undertaking are not of very great help when we attempt to work out methods for the control of industries in non-monopolistic fields. The only hope for the efficient direction of our national economic life is through awakened and intelligent public opinion which has been created by the interest of local units in their own community problems. I do not mean to insist that no progress can be on a national scale until such local groups have been highly developed, for there are certain phases of economic control which are now ready for federal action. But certainly no cooperative commonwealth can be attempted until communities realize in their own areas the meaning of production for use and not for profit. It is the fear that we are overlooking the very necessary development of public opinion and control along provincial lines which has impelled me to utter this protest against what I consider to be the mistaken emphasis on the present limitation of federal authority. The sound policy would be to show the possibilities for social control that are capable of being developed under provincial authority.



RATIONING INVESTMENT

By C. McKAY

IN AN interesting diagnosis of the depression Dr. Donald Marvin, economist of the Royal Bank of Canada, says:

'When high prices for call loans cut off the supply of funds available for business and so increased the cost of what credit was obtainable that it could not be used profitably in business, it was inevitable that production should begin to fall off. That was the fundamental cause of the break down. When it is realized that this was the major reason for the depression, the remedy becomes self-evident. When credit is made plentiful, business will revive. Credit is neither cheap nor plentiful in gold countries at the present time.'

If this plausible explanation really goes to the heart of the matter, it is a serious indictment of the bankers. For banks are chartered by the public authorities and given important privileges in order that they may, among other functions, serve as reservoirs of stored purchasing power and supply business with needed credit. If industry and trade were denied legitimate credit at reasonable rates in order that loans might be made to facilitate speculation, then the bankers have a heavy responsibility for the depression and the great mass of human misery it has entailed.

But, however great the powers and responsibilities of bankers may be, the assumption that they, through the restriction of credit, are wholly or even mainly responsible for the depression will hardly bear examination. What Dr. Marvin regards as the fundamental cause was rather a defect in the gearing of the economic machine, which prevented the maintenance of a proper articulation of production and consumption, a balanced relation of supply and demand. While the ballyhoo of the speculative frenzy was at its height, bankers stated that there was no lack of credit for legitimate business. The trouble of business then was that the production of consumptive goods had already surpassed the capacity of the markets to absorb them, and most enterprises were not seeking additional credit because they could not see their way to employ it profitably. All sorts of corporations had accumulated large reserves but could find no better use for them than loaning them to brokers. Business was up against the fact that the supply of all kinds of goods and services exceeded the effective demand; and in such a situation it is of small consequence whether or not credit is available at any price. It is then a question of finding opportunities to employ credit profitably and, to the degree that such opportunities are lacking, the volume of credit in circulation is curtailed and the pressure of excess supply upon effective demand inevitably forces down prices.

Is it in the operations of credit that the fundamental cause of the depression is to be found? Or is it the operations of the economic system as a whole which, more by virtue of the ownership of the means of production than of the control of credit, distributes wages, salaries, interest, rent, and profits in such a way that an unnecessarily large proportion of the national income is diverted from consumption to the creation of capital goods, with the consequence that there develops periodically a wide gap between the

production of consumptive goods and the capacity to consume them?

Dr. Marvin states that the following 'three sentences constitute the whole story of what was wrong with the business engine and tell how distribution can again be made to function':—

It is true that the price level depends upon the ratio of credit and production.

When credit expands excessively, prices rise, and when credit is unduly contracted, prices fall.

When the volume of credit is kept proportionate to the volume of production, prices remain stable.

That diagnosis apparently implies that those who control the issue of credit are able to determine the volume of production and the 'price level'. If that is the whole story credit must be a mystery even to the bankers, or they would in their own interest exercise a more intelligent control over it. There is certainly a direct connection between credits, production, and prices. But whether the volume of credit determines the volume of production, or vice-versa, is a question of not much greater practical importance than that as to whether the egg or the hen came first in the order of evolution. Since the purpose of production is to realize a profit from the sale of the products; credit, production, and prices must inevitably, in the final analysis, react to and be determined by the relations of supply and demand in the markets for consumptive goods. And in the consumer market the direct role played by credit is limited to the instalment plan. The producer or merchant may be using bank credit in order to loan his goods to the consumer but in the long run the instalment plan does not increase the market for goods. Whatever system of consumer credits might be devised, the law of supply and demand would continue to rule the consumer market. That law determines the prices of commodities and, if it causes prices to rise, either the circulation of commodities will be retarded or a larger volume of credit or money will be necessary to carry on business.

If there is a fundamental cause of the depression it is rooted in the operations of the economic system as a whole, and cannot be isolated from the factors behind the law of supply and demand. The business cycle is not merely the result of the anarchy of production — the fact that as no one producer knows what all the others are doing to supply the market demand, all are engaged in a wild scramble to get to the market first and dispose of their products. The boom and the depression have a common cause, a constant factor which trusts cannot regulate, and which cannot be abolished without a radical change in the relations of capital and labour. This constant factor is the dual position of the worker as a seller of his labour-power and a purchaser of the product of his labour-power; and the creation of a surplus product following therefrom which must result in an over-production of commodities in relation to consuming-power quite apart from the anarchy of production.

Those who control the surplus products use them to employ labour to produce capital goods, new factories, machines, ships, railway rolling stock, etc. In Canada during the recent boom years nearly one-half

of the manufacturing effort was directed to the creation of what are classified as producers goods. But the object of the production of capital goods being to produce consumer goods more cheaply and efficiently, the production of new means and facilities of production cannot go on indefinitely. If the new plants make it possible to increase the production of consumer goods at a rate faster than the increase in effective consumer demand, they can only be kept in operation by driving older plants out of business; and since the new plant employs fewer workers than the old to produce a given quantity of goods, the number of consumers in employment is reduced. For a time the new plants may flourish at the expense of the older plants, and the higher their rate of profit, the more promoters hustle to induce investors to put their money in competing enterprises. Before long there is an over-production of capital goods; this is first evidenced by a slowing up of the movement of goods at the producing end, then in weakening wholesale prices and later in retail prices. The boom is over. The production of capital goods begins to slow down when the movement of goods to the consumer market slackens, and large numbers of workers are thrown out of employment with a resultant weakening of consumer demand.

Some old enterprises occupying strategic positions, and some of the newer enterprises, may continue to make fair profits during a depression, as the dividend records for 1930 showed. But many of the older, less efficient, and less economical enterprises go to the wall — a loss of capital and even a waste of capital if the enterprise is put out of business before it was really obsolescent from the point of view of a sound national economy.

The over-production of capital goods is a real evil; idle or partly employed factories, railways, ships, etc., mean waste of both capital and labour. Certainly improvements in the means and facilities of production leading to the creation of goods with less expenditure of capital and labour ought to be proper objects of endeavour; but the methods of business organization which accompany them tend to defeat the ends which make the saving of effort desirable. A scheme of things, policy, or practice, which results in the creation of marvellous forms and forces of production only to keep them idle, or partly so, while armies of workers clamour for jobs, and multitudes lack proper food, clothing, housing, education, etc., is a tragically absurd reflection upon human intelligence.

It is not the disposition of credit that develops this dilemma, but the forms and powers of property which determine the distribution of incomes, along with the technical and social conditions which influence spending. Incomes are either spent on consumable goods or services, or upon capital goods which are created through the medium of credit based on people's savings in banks, in part at any rate. If the capital goods can be kept serving their purpose at capacity, they are the best form of saving; if not, then to the extent they are inactive they are a form of waste.

Obviously, if too large a share of incomes is expended on the production of new capital goods, the other portion of incomes will be insufficient to absorb the consumptive goods and services which the existing capital goods, utilized to full capacity, are able to produce. A part of the total capital goods be-

comes superfluous, and the object of producing new capital goods is negated, defeated. True, the object of the owners of the new capital goods may be realized if they capture the markets of the owners of older capital goods; but the general business economy finds itself up against the fact that productive capacity exceeds consumptive capacity, a situation which obliges industry to restrict operations, and reduce working staffs, thereby further curtailing consuming power, and making it increasingly impossible for demand to resist the tendency of surplus supply to force down prices.

The ironing-out of the business cycle — the elimination of booms and depressions — is a problem of articulating the production of consumptive goods to market capacity, of establishing and maintaining a balance between supply and demand. The typical method adopted by trusts to meet this problem is to curtail production, but that policy involves a waste of capital goods, and condemns the mass of the people to a low standard of living. To arrive at an adequate solution, one which will permit continuous progress and an improving standard of living, it will first be necessary to establish some form of control over the production of capital goods, a system of rationing investment. This is the logical starting point for economic planning. The task which challenges attention is difficult; it will not be accomplished without mistakes, but none of them are likely to entail such a heavy price as the present depression. Economic planning, even if only a process of trial and error, has become imperative, if revolution and possibly a period of anarchy are to be avoided.

There is probably no royal formula for the planning of the production of capital goods, the rationing of investment. Yet being largely a matter of the control of the issue of credit it should not present insurmountable difficulties to human ingenuity. Nationally considered, it is a matter of determining what proportion of the national income should be devoted to the creation of new means and new facilities of production. The major elements of the problem are the rate of depreciation of existing capital goods, and the measure of economy and efficiency realizable by the substitution of new capital goods of superior technique for older capital goods not completely obsolescent. In the process of what is called the 'rationalization' of industry, scientific management has already acquired much experience in dealing with such technical questions.

National economic planning, however, while using the methods of 'rationalization', will have to take account of factors that have not entered into the purview of the rationalizers of individual industries. Where the only or principal object of 'rationalization' has been the economizing of human labour, it has to some extent defeated its purpose and aggravated the evils of the depression. The rationalization of the production of capital goods will need to take account of the effect of drastic changes upon the social conditions of the people. Of this an example and precedent has already been set in the Canadian fishing industry. The government has limited the use of steam trawlers because it deems their ability to increase the production of fish of less importance than the preservation of the means of existence of the shore fishing communities. In a planned national economy aiming at the most effective use of all workers,

and improvement in general well being, efforts would be made to adapt the shore fishermen to other callings in order that the most effective instruments of fish production might be used to the fullest extent.

This example, however, serves to illustrate the need of social, as well as purely economic, considerations being taken into account in planning the production of capital goods. If a taboo was placed on science and invention, and the production of capital goods limited to the replacement of means and facilities of production, as they become obsolescent, a much greater share of the national income would be made available (through say higher wages) to people with unsatisfied consumptive wants; consumption would then tend to balance production, and business would become an orderly procedure, in so far, at any rate, as it is independent of natural calamities, such as crop failures. In such case, the most important social consideration, an improved standard of mass living, would be in line with major requirement of an orderly economic system — a balance of production and consumption. Of course there should be production of capital goods over and above what is needed to replace obsolescence, but there should be a limit determined on the one hand by gains accruing to the nation as a whole from technical improvements, and on

the other hand, by the effects upon social conditions.

The regulation of the production of capital goods would involve a challenge to two of the greatest of human passions — greed and fear. Unless a relatively small class were given an opportunity to monopolize the ownership of new capital goods, a limitation would have to be placed upon the amount of individual incomes which might be invested — a curb upon the passion to acquire control of great wealth. A limitation would also need to be imposed upon the export of funds drawn from the national income for conversion into capital goods abroad. On the other hand, there would be nothing to do with the balance of income except to spend it on consumptive goods, and with consumption balancing production, the stability of business, the regularity of employment, would give everybody a new sense of security. Greed of great wealth and fear of want, the human fulcrums of the economic forces which produce the disorders of the business cycle, would be exorcised; and the new sense of security, which would make saving mainly a matter of provision for old age, would permit a spiritual revolution in man's attitude to his work and to his fellowmen, and a real realization of the service-motive in business.

TIME

By EMMA ELIZABETH DANARD

IT WAS one of those hostile afternoons from which one expects nothing but further injury, further insult. There was a party, and she was not invited. She lost her silver pencil. She could not find the place when it was her turn to read; the teacher made fun of her and the whole class laughed. Her cheeks burned with humiliation. Betty and Regina, who sat in front of her, exchanged glances, whispered together. . . .

When the class was let out, Clara was slow on purpose, and she walked alone down the street, sinking and slipping in dirty, granular snow. Her two friends walked a few yards ahead of her, deep in conversation. She didn't care. It was a mean day, not very cold, but full of still, damp, grey air that made you shudder. Spring had made several attempts at the winter landscape before sinking into utter despondency.

A longing for spring came over Clara. She looked up at the colourless sky, and her heart sank and sank. She had been watching for spring for so long, so very long now. . . . And she was young enough to wonder sincerely if it was ever going to come. She was weary of it all; she expected nothing.

Slowly she climbed the steps of her own home, and bunted open the door. The house had the air of being all set in order, and the tick of the clock was loud and desolate. Clara stood at the foot of the stairs and called 'Mother!' The word hung in the air, waiting. The whole house waited, blank and unfriendly.

She went into the kitchen and sat on a chair, feeling bulky in her heavy coat, and her feet hung heavy, weighted with overshoes. Presently she went outside again. She thought that she would get out her sleigh, then didn't want to. The world seemed empty.

Across the street was an old, vacant house that

had a pond behind it, and an old, sagging summer-house with latticed sides, and two walnut trees. Clara and Regina had swept off the pond and made it into a lovely slide. Today the ice was blackish in the middle, but it looked good and slippery. Even the slide, even this favourite place of hers, was not enough to hearten Clara. Today all was damp, motionless, forsaken. The walnut trees were black; the snow was blotched and grey; the summer-house was rotting.

Clammy air kept creeping up Clara's legs and insinuating itself in around her neck. She gave a little shiver. But she made no effort to get warm. She felt stuck in misery. She tried to imagine what it was like to wear a light dress without any sleeves and yet feel warm, as one does in summer. She had a vision of children in white playing on a green lawn.

In the summer-time it was fun to play tag, running around the pond and scrambling in and out of the summer-house, making it jiggle. Or they would make nests for themselves in the tall grass that waved like gentle water and lapped against the trunks of the walnut trees. The trees scattered lazy shadows over the grass; and there were dandelions growing at the top of astonishing stems — dandelions almost as tall as Clara.

It would be like that again, sometime, she guessed; but mountains of time loomed between. . . . It seemed impossible that she was going to live, minute after minute, through all that time. It seemed as if she was never going to get to the end of this one day, even.

She thought that she had better take a slide, and then go home. After stepping back to a nice distance, she ran half-heartedly and slid. The ice sagged and split like a rotten board, and she was floundering up to her waist in deadly cold, repulsive, black water.

Somehow she managed to drag herself out, breathing in sobs. When she got to her feet, she stood stupidly, too shocked to move, overwhelmed by misery and unkindness. Shudders seized and released her in spasms. Drops of yellow water gathered at the bottom of her coat and dripped patiently on the hard snow.

She turned her face towards home, and walked stiffly down the lane. When she reached the street, she assumed a thoughtful air, deeply ashamed of her accident and trying to look as if nothing had happened to her.

Clara did not go to school the next day, or the next. She was ill, ill enough to have the doctor. She had a temperature.

Great clouds of circles came streaming out of the distance, whirling with an angry sound. She called and cried for her mother. There was no one — only angry circles, faster, faster. . . . She screamed in terror: 'Mother, Mother!' She was lost.

'I'm here, dear. I'm right here.' Her mother's voice startled her, so close. She sobbed with relief; it was all right; only a dream. 'Don't go away, Mother.'

Her mother held her in her arms and rocked. The rocking-chair had a loud creak. It said, over and over: 'Did you have a slip-slop? No I never.' She listened to it for a long time, and then the circles came back. . . .

Dr. Brown was standing at the foot of the bed, talking and listening and nodding his head. Her mother kept moving back and forth, her occupied face vanishing and coming back. . . . The red window-blind was pulled half way down. Everything was feverish and unreal. She was burning all over. She could not bear it. Every breath she drew was hard and slow, and no sooner had she finished with one than she had to start another. She thought that in a little while something would break and it would be better. . . .

She was in the spare room now. A lady came in and smiled and said: 'Don't bite your spoon, dear.' There were a lot of people in the house, visitors, and children playing tag and running up and down stairs. There was a big, black cat under the bed; she could hear it purring. Enormous eyes were watching her; when she turned away they came around to the other side of the bed, smiling with malice. She was crying in school. All the children jumped up and ran out of the room. A boy cried 'What is it!' right in her face. What is it. What is it. What is it. She fell down in the snow. When she tried to get up the sky turned black.

Suddenly all was quiet. It was evening. She heard a faint sound of someone moving, and her mother was sitting beside her. Then she saw that her mother was crying. She watched her without curiosity. . . .

In the middle of the night two doctors waked her up to pound on her back with hammers. She could not stay awake, and the light hurt her eyes. She heard them talking and laughing. . . .

Regina came and brought her a bunch of flowers, and stood at the foot of the bed with her hat on. . . . They were always waking her up in the middle of the night to pound on her back. She was dimly annoyed at this performance, and felt that she was never allowed to get any sleep. The door closed; her sister was tip-toeing past. . . .

Clara was waking up very slowly. Everything settled into place, came solid and clear. For a long time she studied the dresser, going over all the things that were on it, one by one. And she gathered together all her force to focus on the face of the clock in a stupendous effort to tell the time. But she couldn't. It wouldn't come. This was strange, for Clara knew how to tell the time, and there was the clock, the hands. . . . She closed her eyes again. After awhile she thought: 'I'm all better', and she waited for her mother to come. . . . There was a piece of sunlight on the wall, and it trembled like a golden butterfly that might fly away.

Birds were chirping very loud. Clara turned over to look out the wide-open window. The white curtains were moving ever so softly. There was a grass-roller standing on the lawn across the street, and a little boy in a white suit was whacking at it with a stick. She watched with a kind of far-away happiness. . . . But she was as weak and as aimless as the wind. The wind kept stirring the leaves a little. . . . And how *green* the leaves were, spreading close to the window, big and light and crinkled. You could almost put out your hand and touch them. . . .

It was spring. Clara was not entirely surprised at this, for she seemed to have known something about it in a dream. But when had it happened, and how, so suddenly? She could not understand it.

'ET IN ARCADIA EGO'

I do not see
The blazing fury of electric lights
Against a pallid sky
Nor the delirious glare of neon gas.
I have closed my eyes. Now there is only
The thin moon stabbing with a silver sword
The body of the sea, black and undulating.

I do not hear
The newsboy's shrill and raucous cry,
Street-cars shrieking and clanging
And automobiles braying persistently.
They have grown mute
Before the cricket's vibrant song at dawn
And the fog-horn's moaning voice far out at sea.

I do not breathe
The choking fumes of engines and exhaust
Mixed with the smell of cracked and dusty asphalt
And hot melting tar.
Above them lightly floats
The scent of pine-cones, mustard-seed and clover,
Ripe raspberries, sea-weed and newly-mown hay.

I do not walk
Beside you restless and indifferent
To the mad clamour of the city streets.
We lie on the warm sand
Under a silver bar cast by the moon
Where the spent waves, licking with thirsty tongues
Our glowing bodies, find their shattered strength again.

REGINA LENORE SHOOLMAN

EDUCATION AND THE PRESENT CRISIS

By JOSEPH McCULLEY

'Informed people are no longer discussing the question of the return of prosperity, but whether old Europe can survive final catastrophe.'

—Frank H. Simonds, *American press correspondent writing from Geneva.*

'Unless the great powers get together, instead of quarrelling, we are all headed for ruin.'

—Venizelos, *Premier of Greece, to the League of Nations, April, 1932.*

'Civilization can still be saved. But tomorrow it may be too late. We are passing through one of the gravest moments of world history.'

—Raymond Poincaré in an interview in the *Toronto Star*, April 4, 1932.

THE three quotations cited above are indicative of the grave concern with which the present state of our affairs is viewed by leaders of thought and action throughout the world. It is hardly possible to pick up a newspaper without discovering further evidence, more than amply confirming these judgments. Faced with such an indictment of a civilization, which too many seem to accept as if it were as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, it is impossible to remain complacent.

A frank examination of our condition will reveal unpalatable facts, — our easy orthodoxies will receive some rude jolts, — our childlike and implicit faith in the virtues of our democratic and capitalistic civilization will be badly shaken. But such an examination must be undertaken, and that, soon; as Poincaré says 'tomorrow may be too late!' Even though the diagnosis demands a major operation, one dare not hesitate. The urgency is too great. It certainly seems evident that our political leadership has proven itself quite incompetent for the tasks with which it is confronted.

If the situation is, then, so urgent how can it concern the educator whose immediate and vital task is conceived to be that of assisting his pupils to amass sufficient 'facts' to outwit an examiner and to negotiate successfully the examination 'hurdle'? The answer is contained in the query. For too long education in the class-room has been divorced from the life that went on outside the school. We have stressed the value of accuracy in solving mathematical problems but have not taught that the same quality of rigorous honesty is demanded of those who render account for public funds; we have crowned with laurel the brows of Pym, and Hampden, Washington and McKenzie but have not intimated that there may be times in the present, and in the future, when it is man's noblest duty to protest against new and grosser injustice; we have presented the Beatitudes as the acme of ethical expression but have not dared to suggest that the ideals of the Carpenter of Nazareth have anything to do with the making of treaties or the building of battleships in a more modern world; we have recited the story of the Good Samaritan without realizing that the question 'who is my neighbour?' may have a wider connotation today than it did in the Palestine of 1900 years ago. Our education has lacked a directing social philosophy; it has meekly accepted the *status quo* of its own milieu; it has been oblivious to the fact that man is still in the making, — that his

world is still in process of creation and that man himself is the unique factor in the stream of developing events determining for himself his own future environment. The school has too much tended to be merely a medium for the transmission of acquired knowledge; it has apparently aimed more at 'a passive awareness of dead facts' than it has endeavoured to present 'a shining vision of the society that is to be, of the world that our efforts can create and the triumphs that thought may still achieve as the horizon of man's survey over the universe continues to increase'.

It is only by a process of education and enlightenment that one can see very much hope for the future. Assuming that the palliative measures at present being invoked by the leaders of our political and economic life are able to carry us over the period of our immediate difficulties, steps must be taken to prevent any recurrence of such a period as the one through which we are now passing. This is the schools' task and the schools can only perform that task if teachers are conscious of those ills which at present afflict society and if they are equally consciously directing their work towards the solution of these problems. The ability to perform this task necessitates an examination of our present social structure and the formulation of a social philosophy which will remedy the defects of our present system. It also demands the elaboration of a philosophy of education which will be in harmony with this social philosophy.

First among the weaknesses of our present social order must be placed that over-emphasis on individualism which has resulted in demoralizing competition in all phases of our life. We have tended to interpret success purely in terms of material welfare. We have accepted the old proverb, 'competition is the life of trade', as though it were as fundamental as the law of gravity. Business has been carried on in a 'hand to mouth basis' with the clear understanding that he who fell in the race deserved to fail, while those who could get the power were entitled to all of it and as much more as their increased facilities enabled them to acquire. Examples could be quoted almost infinitely of this silly and stupid competition. In a stretch of road twenty miles in length in the outskirts of Toronto can be counted over fifty separate and distinct gasoline stations, some of them equipped with as many as eight tanks. Under such conditions it can not be expected that any more than a few of these establishments can make ends meet. In the meantime, the consumer, the member of society whom these services are destined to serve, pays handsomely for the childishness of such methods of distribution.

The same emphasis on individualism is just as evident in the relations existing between nation and nation. The present economic warfare utilizing tariffs as weapons bids fair to completely strangle international trade, the life blood of the modern interdependent world structure. It is only a refined form of warfare and not so very refined at that. While the stage is thus being set for a further life and death struggle, the nations of the world are piling up armaments, and in spite of the ghastly experience of the war years, we appear to have learned nothing. More money is being spent today on armaments than in 1913. For the year 1930, military expenditures rep-



KICKELHAHN, 1776

By J. W. VON GOETHE

The occasion for this illustration is the appearance recently of *Goethe als bildender Künstler*, by Arnold Federmann (Cotta, Stuttgart; pp. 126 and 60 plates).

The title, being interpreted, means 'Goethe as an artist'. It is a spirited account, written with expert knowledge by the author of a notable book on *Füssli* (anglice *Fuseli*) of Goethe's activities in this field — chiefly landscape sketching — and it proves, at least to my satisfaction, that his achievement and promise were much more significant than is commonly held. At a time when the prevailing traditions of landscape drawing were tight and formal, Goethe was using his pencil impressionistically with all the excited freedom which we find in his early use of words — in his early odes and, better still, in his stylistically abandoned early note-books. The parallel which Mr. Federmann draws between diary entries and landscape sketches — the diary entry an impressionistic picture in words,

the landscape sketch a graphic entry in his note-book — is both fascinating and convincing.

It is perhaps not easy to go all the way with Mr. Federmann in his enthusiastic rehabilitation of Goethe, the artist, but it is impossible not to go part of the way. Whoever reads this attractive book from the orthodox angle will put it down with changed opinions. He will discover that in this field, as in nearly every other, Goethe was something of a modern. Witness—to take one example only—the definite anticipations of Cézanne and Hodler in his mountain sketches (Plates 16-19), as well as his spontaneous figure-studies, worthy in quickness of conception, if not in performance, of the true artist.

This book should be in all art libraries and all serious students of Goethe should peruse it.

B. F.

resent almost 70% of the total federal budget of the United States (this including, of course, expenditures due on the cost of past wars in addition to the \$700,000,000. for purely military expenditure). The fact is that we are possessed by isolated and romantic ideas of nationalism which may have been justified one hundred years ago but which have no place today. The happenings in the Orient in 1931 would seem to indicate that even yet 'Might' among nations must be accepted by the others as 'Right'. All of us boast our own national superiority, and we seem to be proceeding on the old assumption that 'they should get who have the power and they should keep who can'. Theoretically, we recognize the truth that the world is a unit, but our thinking on national questions has completely failed to progress in conformity with the course of our economic development.

Man's genius has provided means of production more efficient, more skilful than could have possibly been dreamed of even by Aladdin when the genii of the lamp was in one of his best moods. We have at our command machinery capable of removing all drudgery from labour. It has been said that with the present means of production enough goods could be produced on the basis of a four-hour working day for all the workers of the world. We have, however, become enslaved to our machinery and stand helpless under the overpowering result of our own cleverness. The best we can do is to employ sufficient men to operate the necessary machinery while those displaced walk our streets in tatters and go hungry to bed. Rather than planning our industrial life so that repetitive work will be eliminated, the best use that we can make of our machines is to add to them a certain number of our fellow creatures working eight and ten hours a day tightening up bolts 35 and 36 on the automobile chassis, becoming merely other cogs, enslaved to a machine which should have set them free.

Out of this chaos can come a happier life but our emphasis on individual success must be changed so that we consider the welfare of the whole group as the matter of basic importance in all our human relationships. Production must be planned to provide for the needs of all peoples and individuals. Personal profit as the sole motivating influence of our economic life must give way to a recognition of the group welfare. Our 'tribal' political outlook must be supplanted by a vision of a world society in which all nations large and small will have a place and to the culture of which each will make its specialized and particular contribution. The weakness of the League of Nations, at the present time, in moments of international complication, show just how deep-seated our narrow nationalisms are. In our industrial activity we must utilize our inventive genius to free man from slavery. This will result in an increase of leisure, and it is the duty of society to provide facilities for its wholesome use. Art in all its forms shall no longer be the prized possession of a favoured few but its enrichment of life shall be the heritage of all.

The real task of education then is to produce citizens capable of creating a cooperative world and of living happily within it. There can, however, be no satisfactory group performance unless every member is prepared to play his particular part in the life and work of that group. A definition of education must therefore take both these factors into account. //

should develop to the utmost the capacities inherent in each individual for the service of the particular group or society to which the individual belongs. In other words, the purpose of education is to train the individual to live socially. A programme of activity for such an education will necessitate a complete revision of most of our attitudes and much of our technique. The school group must be considered as a microcosm reflecting within itself and in all its activities the larger world outside. For complete development of the individual it must provide an environment in which pupils of varying degrees of intelligence and aptitudes will have ample opportunity for their stimulation and growth. The classroom can no longer be the boundary of the pupils' world (or the teachers').

The curriculum, the subject matter of which has tended to become a thing in itself must be considered only as a means to the achievement of a full and rich personality; the passing of examinations has little to do with this prime purpose of education. Competition in the class room as between individuals, and in athletics as between individuals and institutions, must receive increasingly less emphasis. The school must be considered as a social group in which all members, teachers and taught, have a share. Every experience must be considered as a part of a programme of activity destined to produce citizens capable of living happily with their fellows and contributing in such measure as they can to the well-being of their community. Education is not the accumulation of a series of separate skills, traits, or habits. A better civilization cannot be built on a basis of tradition or custom.

Such a conception of education demands that individuals shall learn how to make choices and to make them always on a rational basis recognizing the consequences which it is desired to bring about. The whole programme of educational activity must, therefore, be carried on in an atmosphere of freedom from which all vestige of dogmatism and the domination of tradition has been removed. A man will, in the future, certainly have more leisure, and one of the ultimate ends of education is the development of character that will stand this strain. 'You cannot learn to be good or how to make good choices in an environment where there is no chance to be bad. Character comes from choice and choices are only possible in an atmosphere of freedom.'

In a cooperative school unit motivated by a social philosophy such as has been outlined there will be a free exchange of ideas and experiences between the various members, which will tend to increase the bulk of available data on the basis of which choices will be made. Undoubtedly the individual pupil will, from time to time, make mistakes, errors of judgment, but it has been truly said that an individual who never makes mistakes never makes anything. There is a real educational value in all such experiences provided that they are evaluated sympathetically by all the parties involved.

This conception of the importance of the individual's contribution to the group raises, of course, the question of cooperation as a motive. In all our school groups we must recognize that social controls of a democratic type must operate if we expect them to be operative in the world which the pupils will ultimately enter. Classes can be conducted in the spirit of community effort. This, however, pre-supposes that the teacher always realizes that the pupil himself

is the end, and that there must be room allowed for the expression of individual differences as contributions to the good of the group. The task of the school is to allow to each individual sufficient opportunity for expression that he will have an opportunity to recognize his own weaknesses, to combat them, and to capitalize for the good of himself and the community those worthwhile capacities of which he is possessed.

The mechanism of the present age and our insufficient and improper use of it has received some comment above. If pupils are educated to know the value of cooperation, to recognize the place of freedom for the individual with due consideration for the rights of others, it follows that they will be the better prepared to direct this mechanism to more worthy purposes. Leisure time will no longer be a subject of exploitation by commercial interests of all sorts, but will be utilized by intelligent citizens who are conscious of the direction in which their own lives are moving in conformity with the worthy purposes which actuate the whole social organism.

In so far as this paper does not touch the whole vexed question of the re-organization of the school curriculum in the light of the main experiences and activities of our present economic order it is, of course, incomplete. The attempt, however, has been made to suggest a social philosophy adequate for the needs of our changing civilization. Application of these principles to our educational procedure will result in schools of a new type, less set in their methods, less dogmatic in their approach, and less influenced by those traditional attitudes which have brought our present world structure to the verge of ruin. The 'law of the jungle' as evidenced in our over-emphasis on individualism and competition will be replaced by cooperation, by the application of the essentially Christian law of love. Fear, in any form, can no longer control our mental outlook; rather should a vision of the shining society of the future be the dominating motive of all our work. National hatreds must give way to a realization that 'man to man the world o'er shall brother be' and that what touches the welfare of one individual or one group in the uttermost corner of the earth affects the whole body politic. Leisure will be increased by a rational distribution of the world's work among all citizens, and the intelligent people of the philosopher's dream will utilize that leisure to wise and noble ends.

It may be objected that all this is very beautiful but that it is much too beautiful and too ideal to stand the test of practice in our very unideal world. Such experience, however, as we have had in the particular educational community of which I am a member over a period of five years convinces us that it is fundamentally true and that it succeeds where repression, fear, and such allied barbaric techniques fail. Assuming that the world can 'muddle through' the present chaos, we are convinced that children educated in the light of the conceptions here set forth, will in their time produce a civilization and a culture as far above our present as modern man is removed from his Neanderthal ancestors, whose primitive and ape-like customs he has not yet entirely banished from human life.

THE CANADIAN FORUM, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.

HAROLD MONRO

SOMEHOW I had missed the news in the daily paper, so it came as a greater shock to find in a weekly from England an almost casual reference to the death of Harold Monro. For English poetry his death means the end of a definite period; we shall no longer speak of contemporary poets as Georgians. Monro was ever a rallying point for writers. In the dark shadows of an alley off Theobald's Road, and later in a narrow turning by the British Museum, his Poetry Bookshop was a gay challenge to merchandized industrial life. Hence came the five volumes of *Georgian Poetry*, through which Rupert Brooke and many another first came to fame, that lightened the dark days of War and the harsh times of the ensuing peace with new hopes and songs. Hence came the *Chapbook* and those Rhyme Sheets, with decorations by the late Claude Lovat Fraser, that we used to pin on the walls of college rooms and weekend cottages. Monro brought the joy of poetry to thousands for whom otherwise it might have been but the seeming folly of a few. He brought the poets themselves into close touch with the public at the regular poetry readings in his Shop. Just before his death Miss Edith Sitwell gave a reading of her poems and she was to have been followed the next week by Mr. Sturge Moore.

I confess that I was never a listener at these readings, though often I would turn with friends down the narrow passage to the Poetry Bookshop to see what was newly published and buy perhaps a volume by Mr. Sassoon or Mr. Blunden. And most of us hoped that in time we too would have written books to stand upon those shelves. Later the membership of a struggling literary society brought me the friendship of Monro himself. And I can well remember the excitement, two years ago, of finding at my breakfast table a decorated card that bore the words 'Harold Monro invites you to a Party on Tuesday, 9th April, at the Poetry Bookshop from 9 onwards until any hour you like'. I had other work to do that evening, and many of the guests had departed before I arrived, yet it seemed that half literary London was there, Miss Sitwell sitting very upright in her chair, F. S. Flint talking about Russia, Edward Shanks, Laurence Binyon, Monro himself wishing me well in Canada.

Monro's own earlier poetry was full of a love of little things, of thistledown and goldfish and gardens and friendship by the fire:—

I want nothing but your fireside now.
Friend, you are sitting there alone I know,
And the quiet flames are licking up the soot,
Or crackling out of some enormous root:
All the logs on your hearth are four feet long.
Everything in your room is wide and strong
According to the breed of your hard thought.
Now you are leaning forward; you have caught
That great dog by his paw and are holding it,
And he looks sidelong at you, stretching a bit,
Drowsing with open eyes, huge, warm and wide,
The full hearth-length on his slow-breathing side.
Your book has dropped unnoticed: you have read
So long you cannot send your brain to bed.

But in later years he was influenced by the more complicated muse of Mr. T. S. Eliot, an influence that shows itself markedly in the collection of *Twentieth Century Poetry* that he made for the Phoenix Library

of Messrs. Chatto and Windus. His last book, *The Earth For Sale*, contained a noble protest against the spoliation of the world's country places by the advance of man's ugliness:—

Is there no pledge to make at once with Earth
While yet we have not murdered all her trees;
Before it is too late for oath or pledge;
While yet man may be happy in his birth—
Before we have to fall upon our knees
Clinging for safety to her farthest edge?
It is not very noble that we kill
Her lions and tigers, all. Is that our reign?

And his poems in the volume upon death have a peculiar poignancy today, two years after that party.

When the news of the death of R. L. S. reached Arthur Quiller-Couch he wrote in the *Speaker* 'Put away books and paper and pen. Stevenson is dead. Stevenson is dead, and now there is nobody left to write for.' That is what many a writer must have felt upon receiving this last sad news. It is the custom of English Royalty to choose out of the ranks of poets a Poet Laureate. To such a position Munro never aspired and few would have seconded any claims that might have been put forward in his behalf. But writers have a way of choosing their own laureates, not in recognition of their published work alone, but for what they have done in service of their art. Of such was Harold Monro. As poet, critic, bookseller, publisher, introducer of the poets to their readers, he was a great servant of letters. The fine poetry of Charlotte Mew would probably have been unknown but for Monro, and there must be scores of writers deeply indebted to him for his encouragement and help. I don't suppose his Bookshop ever paid very well, that he ever had great pecuniary gains. His were other rewards, the rewards of those who give a fine personality freely to the world. He will not quickly be forgotten.

H. G. G. HERKLOTS

HE GETS IT OFF HIS CHEST

We Critics, and who write Reviews
while authors tremble in their shoes,
who pinch and poke and patronize,
sure where all truth and beauty lies—
A pens his prose: 'the book's a bore;
we've read this fifty times before.'
B bubbles verse: 'his puny pipe
is trilling forth the same old tripe.'
and still our querulous haggard view
goes questing after something new
and pouring Jovian thunderbolts
on droves of dull dejected dolts.
But sure as any bright boy springs
a lungful of bright boyish things
hark with what heavy measured sound
our trampling phalanx rallies round
to the superfluous defence
of quite unworried Common-sense
and props her up with solemn rot—
My God, we are a silly lot!

L. A. M.



CANADIAN Writers of Today

VII.

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

THE names *Mazo De la Roche* and *Jalna* are synonymous to many people. Those few who know her earlier works are very apt to dismiss them as mere pebbles dislodged by her tread on the road to Parnassus. The *Portrait of a Dog* they regard as a four o'clock tea served to pacify her hungry public. For that Mazo De la Roche has a public which consists of nearly all the literary-minded people in Canada, is undeniable. The combined stimulus of Christopher Morley and the *Atlantic Monthly's* golden laurels gave her impermanent eminence in the United States; even before *Jalna* the *Times* (London) *Literary Supplement* greeted *Delight* as 'a striking book which stands out from the rather sterile aggregate of Canadian fiction'. However, by setting, by feeling, by idiom, as well as by her own nationality and her adoption by MacMillan's, Mazo De la Roche is a hypostasis, along with Morley Callaghan and Philip Grove, of that doubtful trinity, the Canadian Novelists. The flurry caused by a new book of hers comes from people who though they may neither enjoy nor approve her work, yet feel that what she may be doing next is a thing of definite importance to Canadian literature.

Like Callaghan and Grove, Mazo De la Roche is a realist. But hers is not the current realism which elevates superficiality into a metaphysic, the Lewis - Dreiser - Anderson school which flourishes in a never-lifting atmosphere of frustration and futility. Rather it is connected with the well-grounded, clayey naturalism of Hardy or Sheila Kaye-Smith. Its firmness comes partly from the author's sureness of her background, and partly from her literary adulthood (since she is still writing, one hesitates to say 'maturity') achieved from extended experimentation. For Miss De la Roche started as a romanticist. Her collection of stories about a group of children, *Explorers of the Dawn*, combined a delicate, if excessively feminized observation and understanding of the ways of young boys with a sprightly and sensitive fund of imagination. The stories were not written for children: they do not appeal until one has passed the Scorn-for-Sentiment stage. On the other hand they contain no cheap optimism; if there are happy endings they come as a consequence of activity, often painful activity. *Portrait of a Dog*, published between *Whiteoaks* and *Finch's Fortune*, is of the same vein, but more mature and more accomplished. Amid the noisy tension of the novels, the *Portrait* comes like a fall of snow: quiet, peaceful, yet brilliant. The humour is irresistible, and has a tincture of Jane Austen in its personalness.

The book is, to be sure, an interlude rather than a development; it is an overflowing of that unextravagant whimsicality which is always somewhere below the surface in the novels, which is indeed the most effective antidote in the novelist's pharmacopeia for

the frequent bitterness of realism. It is true that none of Mazo De la Roche's characters bask in the sweet yet excessively sterile radiance of complete happiness. It is true that her endings reach no conclusion; that her characters call upon the deity without hope of receiving an answer; that the wrong people fall in love with each other and having done so, refuse to wait until an infinitely wise and loving providence shall take steps. But the compelling love of the farm itself, especially as felt in Renny, in old Adeline, the grandmother, in the metallic bonds of the family — metallic both in their clanging and in their durance — knit the various strands of *Jalna* into a stout fabric impervious to the sneaking vapours of frustration and futility. One may feel, indeed, that the author's experience has not been wide enough or intense enough for her to dig deeply into the problematic wells of life upon which she has turned her attention; one may feel that she clings rather too closely to the surface of reality. But if it is true that her experience has been limited, is she not wise? When she is on sure ground she does not balk at the most trying fences in the literary steeple chase; but when she is not, she is too intelligent to try to clear the obstacle by means of the conventional tricks of the trade, the convenient vagueness and catchpenny phraseology. And so the not unreasonably critical reader will feel the spectacle of a dozen hardy egotists nagging, fighting, loving each other, gripping him deeply and tenaciously. Remember old Adeline's clamours for 'dish gravy'; remember Alayne Archer's repugnance to the ponderous silver and equally ponderous puddings; Renny's boasting of the mare Cora's latest foal; the finicky attention of the uncles to their health and to their pets; Rags carrying the 'endless little lunches' to Meg; Wakefield decorating his person with shaving soap lather; Piers knocking down the snivelling Finch in the lavatory; or the mature Finch watching Sarah Court pinching her violin under her chin, as he accompanied her on the piano. It is by the creation of such scenes as these that Mazo De la Roche's realism is calmer and sounder and conspicuously more natural than that of the Winnemac school, as James Branch Cabell has named it.

Particularly is this true in *Jalna*, the novel proper. The early works had not yet worked away from conventionality of handling the newer and straggling back to it. *Possession* was a bundle of strings which constituted the weavings of a good novel but which was too tangled not to result in a shoddy and slipshod product. In *Delight* there was a consistent level of emotional tension that urged the reader forward, but the story was episodic and poorly put together, the writing without distinction. Both had a central figure which was reacted upon by the people or circumstances with whom he (Derek Vale) or she (Delight Mainprize) came in contact. *Jalna*, however, might adopt the motto of *Vanity Fair*; it is rather a novel in which every character in succession becomes the hero, and the attention is not allowed to remain focussed on any one. All the while the whole complex group is passing from one emotional crisis to another — or rather through that state of constant emotional tension which is for them normality (for their emotions are as big and thorough-going as their puddings). In *Whiteoaks*, however, the balance has not been maintained. Though the lesser characters are just as definite, they have been allowed to retreat into the back-

ground and carry on there. But with *Finch's Fortune* the disguise is abandoned. One's sneaking suspicion that the former book was really young Finch's is here justified. The new people in the book, the French-Canadian fox-farming woman and her daughter, serve the same purpose as that of Minnie Ware in *Whiteoaks* and that of Alayne Archer in the first novel, namely as representative of the prosecution in the case of The World versus The Whiteoaks. The subsequent absorption of these two women into the family suggest the same fate for the girl, through the medium, it is hinted, of Finch: for Sarah, who seemed at one time to be mooted for the place of honour, possessed the Court nose and obstinacy already.

Finch's first serious love affair runs true to Whiteoak tradition in being passionate and of unsatisfactory outcome. Indeed, Mazo De la Roche's treatment of love is at once one of her greatest strengths and weaknesses. Her insistence on physical passion and the psychic manifestations which attend it, exclusively, fits well with her *milieu*. One of the most memorable scenes of *Jalna* is that in which Renny, seated in the dark enclosed car in a rainstorm, announces without much outward perturbation to Alayne that were her husband any but his own brother, he would ask her to become his mistress. The force of desire beneath the outward calm would have been less startling had it had its place in a stream-of-consciousness—a method Mazo De la Roche very rarely adopts. And yet by her refusal to recognize the superior heights where sexual emotion interpenetrates and releases vigour to the dominant ideas, she binds the mind to earth when it would soar. This complete absence of spirituality prevents any freedom or grandeur in the final impression.

But what is perhaps the most outstanding individual capability of the author of the *Jalna* novels has not yet been mentioned. She can convey a momentary mood, packed with emotional nuances, with the delicacy of an etcher and the vividness of a painter in oils. Take for example the episode where Piers makes Finch get out of bed to say his prayers, and the lad can do nothing but repeat 'O God! O God!' uncontrollably, fearfully, and hopelessly. And her most powerful instrument in so doing is her uncanny evocation of noise. One cannot read certain passages without feeling one's head ring with clamorous diversified shouting, screaming, and thumping. And then as suddenly as the storm rose, all is quiet again.

A conclusion critically relating Mazo De la Roche to the rest of Canadian literature is obviously indicated. The comment shall be brief. While there is Mazo De la Roche, there is hope.

JOCELYN MOORE



HUNGER

I was sore pressed by hunger and the road was
 long and rough;
 A thin woman gave me a thick cake,
 but not thick enough.
 A child held up its bread for me to take
 a bite:
 I snatched the whole and strode on but
 the piece was small and light.

A fat woman with a tongue like a sword
 from her door looked out;
 'Why don't you seek work? You great lazy
 lout! You great lazy lout!'
 I thought of her, fat and well-housed, as
 I tramped down the lane,
 And I stopped to shake my fist at her
 and curse her again.

I thought of our Lord, and the fig tree
 that yielded him no fruit,
 And of how He cursed it and withered
 it from topmost twig to root.
 And said that we might do likewise if
 only we had faith.
 I had it, and shouted back to her,—
 'Shrivel up! Be naught but a wraith!'

I saw her face blench; pictured how
 the next morn her fat
 Would start to fall from her, her
 breast become thin and flat.
 Pictured the trouble brewing for that
 snug abode,
 And laughed and cracked my leg with my stick
 as I tramped down the road.

In a lane a young girl gave me her
 fresh tinted cheek—
 Oh, she was like fresh fruit, polished,
 and ruddy and sleek!
 Oh, she was shining fruit like an
 apple sweet to the core!
 I kissed her and went my way and
 hungered no more.

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

ART IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE recent development of art in British Columbia and the opening of a civic art gallery in Vancouver suggests that a stream of art consciousness which appears to have flowed sluggishly for many years, when indeed not actually underground, may at some early date be accepted as a definite Western contribution to Canadian Art.

Various factors have contributed to this cause. There is primarily an increased sense of stability in the West itself if one may be allowed to use the phrase in these days of country-wide depression. Boom-days have gone and with them the attendant bally-hoo. Values other than materialistic are peeping through. To say that the public is encouraging the artist more by the purchase of his services would be saying too

much, but it is a fact that there is a bigger public interested in works of art. Therein exists a curious anomaly. If it is that the public is taking the graphic artist as it takes its radio — largely as a time-killer — then it says something for the virility of the artist that he continues to paint. Is it that the artist in man will not be killed — come weal, come woe, Art must be expressed?

In the West, as in other parts of Canada less youthful, the local art patron is swayed by travelling representatives of European art dealers who prattle glibly of great reputations won in Europe. Canada appears to have no dealers willing to acquaint the Canadian public of the value of Canadian Art. It is, of course, a notable fact that Art in Canada for a number of years has provided battlegrounds from East to West and that the spectators, in this case the public, have looked on with mingled astonishment, dismay, and laughter. Little wonder perhaps that a nonplussed public withholds its power of purchase. The West has not been free of these skirmishes and much uninformed and splenetic criticism has poured itself out in 'Letters to the Editor'. It is, however, to the credit of the artist that in but in few instances has he himself indulged in these comic battles. The artist's fight is within himself.

The oldest chartered society of exhibiting artists in British Columbia dates back to 1909 and is known as the B. C. Society of Fine Arts. It flew the only banner of art in the province for many years, but today there are other art groups and clubs, some large, some small. In Vancouver alone there are five different groups and in Victoria one. The activities of these various groups up to within the last half-dozen years have been almost entirely confined to local exhibitions, little work having been sent East.

The changed situation today has been due very largely to the missionary activities of the National Gallery at Ottawa, which has not only been sending admirable annual exhibitions to the Pacific Coast for many years but has through its annual exhibition of Canadian Art in Ottawa been instrumental in effecting a *rapprochement* between the East and the West. These annual exhibitions sent out to the Pacific Coast by the National Gallery, supplemented at intervals by minor exhibitions, have been the sole touch that British Columbia has had with painting outside of its own province. Little wonder, therefore, if for a time the stream of art in British Columbia appeared to be flowing sluggishly.

Another factor in the changed situation has been the growth of The Vancouver School of Decorative and Applied Arts, a school founded seven years ago by the Board of School Trustees. This school by the quality of its work exhibited locally and in the East has given evidence of its youthful strength. The school is divided broadly into a Drawing and Painting side, and a Design side, and both are contributing healthily to an appreciation of Art in the community.

The recently opened Art Gallery in Vancouver presented to the city by a group of citizens is still another factor in the situation and is already proving a focal point for art lovers and the public generally. With its admirably designed galleries and lighting British Columbia has now for the first time a building suitable for the display of works of art. The nucleus of a collection of British Art was presented along with the gallery. The gallery has as its present

aim the collection of British and Canadian works and while it must be recognized that Art knows no national barriers it may be refreshing to find in Canada a gallery that is seeking to recognize the country's basic cultural source. A vigorous programme of evening lectures and afternoon gallery talks has been commenced and these together with periodical exhibitions of travelling collections cannot fail to leave an impression on the minds of the public.

It is too early yet to forecast just what developments in art will take place in British Columbia although it is almost certain by virtue of the province's climatic, topographic and ethnographic qualities to be dissimilar to the East. The province contains within itself so many and varied countries; The Rockies at its Eastern fringe, with its mountain snow and clarity of atmosphere; the fertile dry-belt with its fruit-orchards and lakes; the great canyons of the Fraser and the Thompson; the plateaus of the Cariboo country; the moody-misty jungle-sloped mountains of the Coast, and the idyllic qualities of the South end of Vancouver Island.

The people inhabiting these various countries vary considerably in their racial origin and in their occupations. The streets of the larger cities, more particularly Vancouver, offer striking evidence of the variety of racial types. Within and around Vancouver there are large colonies of Chinese, Japanese, Hindoos, and Indians, which together with representatives of Northern and Southern European and the predominant Anglo-Saxon stock form rich material for the artist. Up until recently painting in British Columbia has been largely confined to landscape. The types already mentioned and their peculiar occupations such as Farming, Fishing, Lumbering, Mining, Truck-gardening, etc., have been almost entirely ignored as material by the artist.

What then is the message of the British Columbian artist and what the manner of their speech? The majority of them being young it is perhaps not surprising to find that the form is oftentimes ahead of the content; that there is power without direction. But direction comes with employment and maturity, and the youthful artist like his unfortunate brother of other parts is a power unharnessed. He cannot see his way clearly; he appears to have no meaning in the present scheme of things. Techniques vary and show evidence of acquaintance with many of the recent developments of modern painting. Landscape monopolizes the interest of the majority of the artists but there is increasing evidence in the work of the younger artists of a desire to extend their interests to include the figure. Design as a controlling factor in form and colour is noticeable in the work of these younger artists who have recently been giving attention to murals. Sculpture and craft work is of slow growth outside of the art school but there is evidence that, given nourishment and appreciation, these two branches of the arts would be more to the fore.

The need of the graphic arts is for a closer cooperation between the producer and the consumer, and art exhibitions as they exist today do not seem quite able to fulfil this function. Production is far ahead of consumption and this state of affairs cannot be put down to hard times because the same state has existed for many years. The public appetite for pictorial art is met to a large extent by the civic art gallery, the

many forms of excellent and cheap reproductions and by the moving picture, the last two forming a ramification of the machine age which is not without significance as affecting the economic life of the artist. The tragedy however lies not so much in the economic aspect, severe as that may be, but in the undoubted fact that much creative energy is being lost through lack of employment. The artist and the public have drifted apart, have failed to recognize the importance of cooperation and to this separation is due much of the ugliness of our modern civilization. Within the past twenty years millions have been spent on buildings of all kinds, federal and provincial; business blocks, hotels, colleges and schools. In many instances the contract has stipulated that only Canadian materials shall be employed. In how many instances has it been stipulated that the creative Canadian artist shall be employed? And in how many instances has the Canadian artist himself — or the Canadian art societies — gone after the job? Have we forgotten that once upon a time pictures weren't painted for exhibitions but were painted to fulfil a specific function? It would appear as if the time has been reached when the artist must go after the job or remain contentedly discontented within the monastic walls of a studio full of unwanted works.

Many of our public buildings, including our schools, are notoriously devoid of decoration or pictorial imagery and if the price of the average-sized exhibition piece suggests that it is prohibitive to employ the artist for these larger areas then it would appear desirable that the artist should reconsider his worth as a contributing factor to our present civilization. The history of Canada is one well worthy of being told, and what a national gallery we could have were it told on the walls of our architecture from East to West. Our natural resources do not all lie below or on the surface of the soil, much of it is aimlessly wandering about with brush and palette, mallet and chisel, seeking they know not what. Is it not possible for the artist to throw away his velvet jacket and large tie or the modern equivalents of these comic badges together with all the obsolete and sham romanticism associated with them, and to emerge once again as a craftsman determined to fit into the scheme of things today?

CHARLES H. SCOTT

ADMONITION FOR ANY PARIS

Though beauty now has taken you for friend,
And Helen has prevailed you to her bed,
Be wary of your pleasure, for the end
Is well perceived, draws on with clumsy tread;
And though the cherries of her mouth be such
That you are drunk with sweetness, curb your joy,
For the bent lip that now abides your touch
Will put a palsy on your youth, my boy.
You shall acquaint the fellowship of grief,
With soul bemused, and unperceptive wits,
And gnash your teeth for rage, and cry relief;
And weep and curse, and smash your heart to bits,
And stammer broken prayers, and words of blame—
To see your private Troy roar up in flame!

LEO KENNEDY

THE IMAGE ON THE GROUND

When twilight leaves the Selkirks
 And night slips down to shield
 The children straggling homeward
 From hazel flat and field,
 July chinooks blow sultry
 And full of vague suspense,
 Lifting the bushes screening
 Two tender lovers leaning
 Over a picket fence.

From forest fires illumined
 On far and troubled hills
 Volcanic clouds of wood smoke
 One on another spills,
 As down the hazy heavens
 The night hawk swoops and zooms
 And deeper shades contrasting
 The Pearly Everlasting
 Forever whitely blooms.

With flowing lights the east-bound,
 Skirting a timbered ridge
 And pleasantly familiar,
 Is whistling for the bridge;
 Ne'er somnolent nor silent
 Whatever life retards
 The breath of engines shunting
 With long and laboured grunting
 Comes puffing from the yards.

The snows of Begbie fashion
 Aloof a lambent crown
 As unconcerned it gazes
 Across the valley town,
 Nor hears the river mumble
 To friendly cottonwoods
 Who learn from their companion
 The gossip of The Canyon
 And northern neighbourhoods.

The bats dart round the arc-lamps
 While moths flit through the grass
 And from the honeysuckle
 The sweet, fresh odours pass;
 But two there are who care not
 Where else scent, sight, or sound,
 Who look on that whose wonder
 Nor time, nor death may sunder,
 The Image on the ground.

ALFRED HAGGEN



PARALLELS—AND AN EXPATRIATE

THE highly interesting parallel which Jehanne Bietry Salinger described in her article published in the April issue of *THE CANADIAN FORUM* ('A Canadian Parallel in Art') impels me to make a few observations concerning my own reactions to Canadian art while in California, and my discovery of an expatriate.

Last year, on a four months' visit to Carmel, California's arty colony, I took my few Canadian paintings along for company. (Just imagine placing two Jackson sketches in storage?) But, although I love my Jacksons they accused me daily, in Carmel, of transporting them into alien country. Three other paintings, by Calgary artists — Gissing and Hunt — also reacted in the same way.

I had a studio cottage close to the bay and on the redwood walls I hung my five paintings but we, the six of us, were helpless against the overpowering opposition. We were surrounded by Rivera and his Mexican school of sophisticated primitives; with the hot colours hurled at us from John O'Shea's Highland studio; the water colours of Stanley Wood; the challenging strokes of Ritchel. My Canadian possessions became anaemic and pleaded to be returned to their native soil.

They gained courage after we had made the rounds of the legions of pot-boiling studios whose occupants shall be nameless. When we viewed 'the artists who have arrived' — dare I mention Paul Daugherty and his fellow Academicians — we plucked up courage, satisfied that we had originality if nothing else, but it was not until we wandered into a small studio perched insecurely on the hillside that we obtained the true perspective of ourselves.

Here we discovered the expatriate, Henrietta Shore — almost as big as her studio, but rounder. From her beaver-board bedroom, from her kitchenette and from her veranda she lugged oils, water colours, lithographs, and drawings.

When we viewed Henrietta's obstetrical rocks we suggested Lawren Harris but she would have none of it. 'Lawren gets out of nature what he wishes to get out of her. I take from nature what she has to offer.' Nevertheless there was some subtle relationship between, not Harris alone, but what I conceive to be our dynamic Canadian art and Henrietta's work.

Henrietta remembers Harris from her student days in Toronto twenty years ago. She has travelled extensively since then and has learnt to suffer privation for her uncompromising attitude toward her art. When I met her she had recently emerged from a San Francisco basement where, she remarked, 'I shared the toilet with the janitor'. A one-man show brought sufficient revenue to purchase a Ford sedan and lease Anita Whitney's place in Carmel, so she could be near her photographic contemporary Edward Weston, whose photographs of peppers are quite as obscenely indecent as Henrietta's rocks — according to the best people.

Henrietta paints for posterity. She says so herself, and means it. She is ethereal despite her ruddy roundness and she doesn't give a damn whether you like her work or not. If you like it, your obvious duty is to buy it — for the benefit of posterity. If her work displeases, you couldn't buy it at any price — not from Henrietta.

After the first visual shock — her 'Torso' has terrorized more than one hard-boiled critic — one feels the strength of Henrietta's work. Lawren Harris expresses the beginning and end of all things. Henrietta Shore expresses only the beginning — the re-creation of the life force in rocks, leaves, flowers and bellies.

I was not in the market for paintings. Henrietta knew it. 'How much do you ask for your lithographs?'

'Fifteen dollars today. I limit my prints to twenty-five. The price will be trebled after my Paris exhibition.'

Her Paris exhibition. Yes! There will be one — when a few more paintings have been sold and Henrietta can escort her paintings personally to the art centre of the world. Those paintings are too precious to be entrusted to porters, and only one person knows how to hang them.

In this remark just quoted we have Henrietta's sureness of herself. Not the irritating egotism of a Daugherty, who objects to his earlier work being called 'thin', nor the isolated cynicism of an O'Shea who remarks 'I have never given the Academy the opportunity to reject one of my paintings', but a spiritual assurance that she will find immortality through her painting. It is a child-like, virgin faith.

One day we went on a picnic to Point Lobos. Lobos belongs to four people; — the owner who bought it from a Mexican ranchero for a song and who now charges fifty cents admission; Robinson Jeffers, poet; lanky, monkish, aesthetic builder of towers; Weston, photographer. Five feet three inches with a merry twinkle in blue eyes and Henrietta Shore. The owner profits because Jeffers, through his poems, has made Lobos famous and immortal. We will dismiss him.

Poet, photographer, and painter find in the surging sea, the age-old rocks, the snarled, twisted Monterey cypress the same life force. Henrietta made one feel new life emerging from the bleached, wracked trunks which clung tenaciously on the rocky slopes. Deadwood? Superficially yes! But in every inch life was being re-created — new life, a new form.

Dramatic intensity hovers around Point Lobos. A favourite spot for suicides. White foam dashes upwards, beckoning — inviting those peering from the security of hollowed rocks, to face supreme adventure. But the three spiritual owners know that Lobos is the very womb of nature. One feels it in the incestuous perversions which flow from the pen of the poet; in the phallic studies of kelp through the lense of Weston's camera; and in the bloated contours from the brush of the painter.

Grudgingly, because she does not think in terms of national boundaries, Henrietta admitted that her early Canadian associations had left their impressions on her art. Immediately I had obtained this admission I realized that it was worthless because, staring at me from those pregnant painted rocks in her studio was a tinge of Orosco, Charlot, and Diego (Rivera) himself, for Henrietta spent several creative months with them in Mexico.

I do not wish to suggest that Henrietta Shore is a copyist. She is not. It is the same spiritual relationship which has followed her from Canada. She despises the Group of Seven as she despises every other organized group. 'Artists can't travel in packs,' yet she speaks in their language just as she speaks the language of the Mexicans and even a word or two

of American. If she finds something she needs in her creative work she absorbs it, and adapts it to her personal needs. Writing of the work of John Langley Howard she says, 'He is a close student of nature, of his materials and of himself. Should he cease being a student, he will at that moment cease to be an artist.' This also is Henrietta speaking of Henrietta.

Her one canvas in the National Gallery at Ottawa does not represent the Henrietta Shore of today. She is proud of that painting and it is doubtful if she realizes the enormous strides she has made since it was completed in her Toronto days.

The night before we left Carmel there was a wistful gleam in Henrietta's eyes. 'I wonder if Ontario has forgotten me? I left Toronto in 1912.'

'Why don't you come back? You've been to Europe, Mexico, South America. Don't you feel the urge to return for a visit?'

Reflectively she remarked, 'I should like to hear what Canada thinks of my work'. So would I! One glance at the anatomical forms and the conservatives would petition Mr. Bennett for Henrietta's deportation, but those who perceived the one eternal truth — that nature is infinite — in her work, would come to her defence.

Henrietta requires no defenders however. She is not concerned with yardstick measurements of critics whether for or against. She is naturally curious to feel outside reactions knowing that there will be a majority voicing disapproval. She can have only one disappointment. Some time, one hundred years from now, the shades of Henrietta Shore will float into the National Galleries of the world. If then she hears a majority voicing disapproval it will mean having to return in another hundred years.

I hope I have done justice by Henrietta — made her into the naive, honest woman whom I met in Carmel. — If I have stressed the anatomical side too much it is because there are no adequate words to describe the emotional symbolism of art. Henrietta Shore is a primitive — she has gone further than most modernists dare go — she reaches to the end of the circle where tragedy and comedy, beauty and ugliness, life and death, meet.

ARCHIBALD KEY

UNCONVENTIONAL EPITAPHS MOTLEY

His mistress, Mirth, with three-lashed, cruel whip,
Hurried him on to quirk and jibe and quip;
He leaped ahead, half-joying in his fate,
Feeling the lash more keenly when 'twas late.
Now he is silent — pitiful, fleeced lamb,
His folly sealed in his last epigram.

* * *

GROCER

Wholesaler, jobber, and chain-store man,
Bless you as much as a cold corpse can.
Sell my Ford and fixtures, and sell my stock
And bring my piano to the auction block,
And I'll often lay with blessing, when you're in your
beds,
My gentle, corpsy fingers on your kind, bald heads.

JOSEPH SCHULL

THE LITTLE WIND

A little wind
 As light as wing
 Of faery child
 Is wandering
 About the house
 In quiet play,
 The long long day
 The long long day.
 When kindly sun
 Strikes through the pane,
 And Summer dwells
 With earth again,
 Among the leaves
 Of my bright flowers
 The little wind
 Will play for hours.
 At night when red
 The cabin gleams,
 When from the stars
 The shoals of dreams
 Swim to the world,
 While sings the Sea;
 The little breeze
 Draws close to me.
 When smoky wraith
 Of candle-light
 Flees from the shades
 That course the night,
 Dear Christ before
 The senses part - - -
 Comes Sheila's breath
 Against my heart.

ERROLL BOYD

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GOETHE: THE POET

GOETHE, As Revealed in His Poetry, by Barker Fairley (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.; pp. ix, 210; \$2.50).

SEVERAL volumes on Goethe have been published during 1932, many of them for no better reason than that this happens to be the centenary of Goethe's death. Nearly all are stimulating in some way, but while some of the authors afford us nothing better than a comforting assurance that the interest in Goethe is still alive, others, more ambitious, have presented us with bulky volumes attempting to cover the whole expanse of Goethe lore: the man, the poet, the statesman, the scientist, and all the rest of the avatars of the great Olympian. Too many of these have allowed themselves to be lured into the misty enchanted regions of the universality of Goethe's genius and the vastness of his achievement, and from their bold and lengthy quest they brought back little more than the critical gems of the past, reset maybe and reburnished. All left us with the uneasy feeling that something which really mattered had been left unsaid or had been said imperfectly. The fundamental Goethe problem remained unsolved. The question: 'Can the Goethe diversity be reduced to unity?' remained unanswered.

This is the task Professor Fairley sets himself in his book. He shows great wisdom in confining his investigations within apparently narrow limits. He declines to entangle himself in any tempting side-issues such as a disquisition on the why and the wherefore of the decline of Goethe's popularity in our own time, he earns our undying gratitude by steering clear of Goethe, the moralist, and all the awkward implications of that theme and he resolutely sets his course towards Goethe, the poet, hoping in this way 'to remove the distressing vagueness which has settled on the name of Goethe'. He is helped in this task not only by an uncanny familiarity with Goethe's writings, fragments and all, amounting to absorption and assimilation, but mainly by the possession of that rare prime requisite of the *Goethekenner*, a Goethe mentality. As the result, he has produced a work which not only clearly and incontestably belongs to the first class of recent Goethe publications, but is probably the most penetrating study of Goethe's lyricism ever written. This is the impression on the Goethe student from the first page to the last.

Professor Fairley gives us far more consistently than has ever been done before him a Goethe who must above all things be himself to give us his best. If, for a while, Goethe submits to the influence of Shakespeare the outcome is mere waste of time so far as 'Shakespearean' drama is concerned, as shown by the meagre and purely superficial results in *Götz* and *Egmont*. If Charlotte von Stein becomes not only 'the mistress of the poet's heart but also the mistress of his poetry, imposing her discipline on it as surely as if she were another author and he were imitating her' he has to break with her to be himself again. When he 'imitates' Frau von Stein he gives us *Iphigenie* and *Tasso*, when he is himself the result is *Urfaust* and *Werther*, since for him 'the act of poetry



was less an act of imagining or apprehending than of living, being and becoming'. The same truth applies even more strikingly to *Faust* where 'all the figures are channels for the one lyrical impulse to flow through'. If in *Faust* Goethe uses the dramatic form he does so merely because the drama enables him to express himself with greater fullness and intensity. These are a few instances only of the process which in the end leads to a unified Goethe such as we had never known before. To give an epitome of the book is impossible, for it would mean epitomizing every page.

There is hardly a passage in the book that does not at least clarify some hitherto nebulous conception of ours, if it does not entirely change our viewpoint. It is all done with such closeness of demonstration, yet with such freedom from pedantry — or shall we say so unprofessionally? — with such a light and delicate touch, that there is not only no gainsaying the author on most points, but every chapter is a joy to read. Often he clenches his exposition by some telling phrase that remains riveted in the memory of the reader, as when he speaks of the latter part of *Egmont* as 'a compromise between the dramatic intention and a lyrical impulse', or when in that delightful chapter 'The Apprentice to Shakespeare' he refers to *Götz von Berlichingen* as 'Shakespeare of the relief scenes, Shakespeare off duty'. Nor must we forget the joyous deliverance from the nightmare of the perfectly insoluble ethical problem of the salvation of Faust, the discussion of which culminates in the words: 'If there are sins to commit in heaven Faust will commit them'.

It would be hard to award the palm to any one of the ten chapters even as the result of a second reading. They have each their own value, each opening up new vistas, some amounting to positive revelations. Probably the two chapters on *Faust* are the finest examples of Professor Fairley's method and of the often startling results he obtains. If such a book is to be the outcome, let us have a Goethe Centenary every year.

H. WALTER

CHRISTIAN SOCIAL DOCTRINE

THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES, by Ernest Troeltsch, translated by Oliver Wyon (Allen & Unwin; 2 Vols.; pp. 445; \$12.50).

THIS is the first English edition of Troeltsch's great work of 1911: *Die Soziallehren der christlichen Kirchen und Gruppen*. The late Bishop Gore said of it in an introductory note: 'It stands beyond question without a rival, whether in thoroughness or in comprehensiveness, as an exposition of Christian life and thought in their relation to contemporary social facts, ideas, and problems from the beginning of Christianity down to post-Reformation developments'. It is, indeed, an amazingly comprehensive and penetrating work, and no brief review of it can do more than indicate the method of enquiry, the ground covered, and the conclusions arrived at. As to method: the first enquiry is into the intrinsic sociological idea of Christianity, its structure and organization. That is followed by the question of the relation between this structure and the State, the economic order, and the family. Connected with the problems involved here are the questions of the influence of the Churches

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upon social phenomena, the influence of politico-social formations upon the churches, the extent to which penetration of social life was rendered possible and how far it achieved an inward uniformity of the collective life, and these are followed through the earlier period, the middle ages and the Reformation into modern times.

Starting, then, with the teaching of Jesus and the Early Church, Troeltsch holds that Christianity in its origin had no connection whatever with the social problems of the ancient world. It was in no sense the creation of a social movement, nor did it consider itself in any way as having a specifically social gospel to preach. It was essentially a religious phenomenon, and its 'central problem is always purely religious, dealing with such questions as the salvation of the soul, monotheism, life after death, purity of worship, the right kind of congregational organization, the application of Christian ideals to daily life, and the need for severe self-discipline in the interests of personal holiness.' A very different account, this, of early Christianity from the popular gospel of the social prophets during the last thirty years, but Troeltsch was not writing without knowledge, and he provides a convincing presentation of his thesis that the original Christian ideal meant a complete 'renunciation of the material social ideal of all political and economic values', for the spiritual 'treasures of peace of heart, love of humanity, fellowship with God. . . .'. It was only later, when the Christian Church became a state within the State, that it found itself involved in social problems, and had to apply itself to the connection between these problems and its own religious ideals.

It is this task and the story of its successes and failures to which Troeltsch devotes himself in these thousand odd pages, and there does not appear to be a single aspect of the subject that is not dealt with from the beginning down to the 18th century. Nor does he actually end his enquiry there; for the purpose of the whole study has been to answer the question of the significance of Christianity for the solution of the social problem of the present day; and in a final chapter he indicates the developments in Christian social doctrine since that time, and estimates the results of the entire survey. Recognizing the vastness and complexity of the social problem as it exists today, Troeltsch looks upon it as an entirely new problem before the Church. In face of it, 'the radical ideals of the social reformers of the Chiliastic sects seem like child's play and phantasies. . . . Utopian even in their modern form of Christian Socialism which dreams of a radical social transformation of the world'. Only two great main types of social philosophy, he believes, have attained comprehensive historical significance and influence. The first is that of medieval Catholicism, based on the family, guild, and class; the second, that of Ascetic Protestantism which is inwardly related to modern Utilitarianism and Rationalism. 'Other Christian-Social ideals . . . were unable to make any impression on the hard mass of social realities; against this rock they fling themselves in vain today.' Troeltsch's conclusion of the whole matter is that all Christian-Social work today is in a problematic condition, and particularly 'because the main historic forms of the Christian doctrine of society and social development are today, for various reasons impotent in face of the tasks by which they are confronted'. Some new thought is necessary before

Christian principles can take control in the modern world. Even then there are brutal facts to be faced — and nowhere is there an absolute Christian ethic awaiting our discovery. The final truth is — the Kingdom of God is within us. We must hold to that — and let our light shine. It is a pessimistic note to end on, but it is better than telling us that the millennium is just round the corner!

F. J. MOORE

CHEMICAL WARFARE

WHAT WOULD BE THE CHARACTER OF A NEW WAR? An enquiry organized by the Inter-parliamentary Union, Geneva (P. S. King and Son; pp. 411; 16/-).

THE Inter-parliamentary Union in Geneva has a history of forty years of effort directed toward 'the establishment of methods for the peaceful settlement of international conflicts as against methods of force in the form of war'. This book, edited by the President of the Security Committee of the Union, contains a series of articles from eighteen contributors, most of whom may be considered experts in their various fields. Though many of the writers deal with their sections in a detached and unprejudiced way, the general effect of the book is to drive home the consummate folly of warfare as an instrument for the settling of international disputes, and, if this folly cannot be prevented, the hopelessness of any endeavour to 'humanize' war.

Recent advances in the technique of the organized destruction of life and property are dealt with by half a dozen or more of the writers in detail — in one or two cases almost with enthusiasm. As a result of years of hard thinking and unceasing experiment, arms which in the last great war were in their infancy will be used in a future war of any magnitude with enormously increased range and effectiveness. To such forms of warfare belong aerial bombing, the use of tanks, chemical and bacteriological methods, and somewhat more remotely, electrical and other physical devices. As a result of these developments, the next great war, in pleasant contrast to the last, may prove to be less dangerous physically for the infantry subaltern than for the politician or the professor. The first will at least have, and know how to use, a respirator.

Uneasiness as to these new methods of warfare runs through the whole book, and tinctures in particular the articles of one or two of the writers who perhaps imagine that it is possible to reduce the risk of nations indulging in war by describing the dangers to life and limb which accompany it. It is sometimes forgotten that hardship and danger are, to a large number of men, no deterrents, but rather the reverse. This uneasiness reaches a climax in an article on chemical warfare by Dr. Gertrud Woker, a Swiss lady, which is, possibly with good foundation, little short of panic-stricken.

Several writers advocate the abolition of chemical warfare. Article 29 of the draft convention drawn up in 1930 by the Preparatory Commission for the disarmament conference reads as follows:—

The High Contracting Parties undertake, subject to reciprocity, to abstain from the use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous or similar gases, and of all analogous liquids, substances or processes. They undertake unreservedly to abstain from the use of all bacteriological methods of warfare.

It is a little difficult to understand why the above 'article 29' is so overburdened with adjectives. If the words 'the use in' and all words after 'war' were deleted, the expurgated article would be just as likely to be obeyed by the High Contracting Parties as the original one. This point, the folly of attempting to humanize warfare, is dealt with very cogently by Nicholas Politis, the Greek jurist. In perhaps the sanest and most incisive article in the book on 'The Future of International Law in Warfare' he frankly admits that such law has no future. In the life-and-death struggle of a great war a nation would be no more willing to fight with one hand held behind its back, by a self-denying ordinance as to the use of some particular form of warfare, than it would accept the result of a conflict say, between six members of its cabinet armed with knuckledusters and a corresponding number of the enemy cabinet, similarly armed, to decide the question at issue. Politis ends his article with the crisp statement that the real policy in peace should be to prevent war, not to humanize it. There is little doubt that the immense amount of human altruism that has been canalized into an attempt to legislate against future *chemical warfare* has been misdirected and wasted.

Grossly exaggerated claims for the toxic potency of certain forms of poison gas tend to turn aside the emotional individual from the main issue — the prevention of future warfare — into a side track of no real consequence, and to alienate the thinking individual by making him feel that he is being bullied by unveracious propaganda. Statements to the effect that a gas bomb could kill every person in the open within from 6 to 800 metres of the spot where it exploded, or that two commercial 'planes carrying Lewisite (dichlorarsine vinyl chloride) could gas London, may be cited as illustrating the lengths to which, even in a sane book like this, enthusiasm can outweigh veracity.

From the point of view of the soldier, and even from that of the civilian, chemical warfare is by no means the worst form of attack to undergo. As one who has had some experience of both kinds of attack — gas and high explosive — it is the unhesitating opinion of the present reviewer that, dollar's worth for dollar's worth, gas is, as regards the attacked, infinitely to be preferred to H. E. Whereas, except for a direct hit of the gas shell or bomb on the body, a good respirator and a certain degree of alertness protect against the lethal or even toxic effects of any kind of gas that can be used in war, and the worst that can happen to one so equipped when exposed to a modern gas attack is a superficial vesication that can be prevented from becoming severe or dangerous if treated fairly quickly and intelligently after exposure to the gas, only several feet of earth or concrete, which, unlike a respirator, cannot conveniently be carried about on one's person, will protect the viscera from heavy H. E. bombardment. It is not always realized by our propagandists that gas warfare puts a high premium on well-trained troops, and in case of attack on unarmed civilian centres (which is repeatedly promised by several of the writers as being one of the certainties of the next great war) upon an intelligent and level-headed population.

War is a candle of steadily increasing temperature, round which the nations flutter uncertainly, singeing their wings more severely with each return. In this book may be found a discussion of the prob-

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able pathological effects of the next burning on the moth's organism, questionings as to whether something ought not to be done to control the temperature of the flame, and the depth to which lepidoptera should be allowed to penetrate into it, and a few suggestions as to the best salves for burnt wings. We in Canada can consider these topics with some degree of equanimity, since in the unlikely event of any war on the North American continent the principal towns of the defenders would be occupied, and the war ended, in a few hours or days, probably before widespread material damage had been done or many casualties inflicted and certainly before serious chemical warfare had been undertaken.

This book should be read by everyone interested whether economically, financially, technically or personally in the next war.

H. D. KAY

FORGOTTEN, FAR-OFF THINGS

ON BEING CREATIVE, AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Irving Babbitt (Houghton Miffling; pp. xlv, 266; \$2.50).

AGAINST all expectations, Professor Babbitt has written a persuasive book. Up to now, when any sympathizer has approached the humanist encampment, Professor Babbitt or Mr. More would shout down to him 'Are you sound on the will? Have you the will-to-refrain? Does your inner check function smoothly? Are you a person of decorum?' And the sympathizer would slink away. Poor man, he could not understand the humanist psychology of the will. In the introduction to this collection of humanist essays Professor Babbitt, somewhat grudgingly to be sure, admits that it is possible to be a humanist without giving one's days to the exercise of the will, and one's nights to the study of the humanist psychology of the will. The Ciceronian model of humanism is authorized in these words: 'The humanistic virtues — moderation, common sense, and common decency — have often been achieved on these lines in the past and may very well be so achieved in the future'. Of course any one who aims at being a really big frog in the humanist pond will be put through a searching examination on the will; but the more modest postulants such as myself, who merely 'want in', may still profess the humanism which was good enough for Cicero, Petrarch, Sainte-Beuve, Matthew Arnold, and William Crary Brownell.

This book has a special interest for readers of *THE CANADIAN FORUM*. The second essay, entitled 'The Primitivism of Wordsworth' contains the substance of three lectures delivered in Toronto in the fall of 1930, lectures which provoked one of the fiercest literary controversies in the history of this journal. In January, 1931, Mr. Barker Fairley published an open letter of expostulation; in February, Mr. J. S. Will defended Professor Babbitt against Mr. Fairley's aspersions; in March, Mr. A. F. B. Clark put in an independent refutation of those aspersions; in April, Mr. Fairley made his rebuttal. At the time it was impossible for most readers of *THE CANADIAN FORUM* to have a clear conception of where the victory lay. Now that the material which was the subject of the controversy is in print any one may spend a pleasant evening turning up old copies of the journal and comparing charge and counter-charge with Professor Babbitt's essay. It will be remembered, perhaps, that Mr. Fairley's chief charge was that since Professor Bab-

bitt assailed not only Wordsworth but the main drift of the modern mind, he should have dealt with a superior example of that drift, namely, Goethe. I thought and I still think that the charge was irrelevant to Professor Babbitt's purpose in his lectures. Whatever Goethe's stature his influence in France, England, and America has not been so profound or so extensive as to compel a critic of Wordsworth, or of Wordsworthian spirituality and mysticism, or of the modern movement as it relates to these, to consider him. No one, however, could deny that Professor Babbitt's general attitude toward modern literature requires him to take account of Goethe and to come to terms with him. In the present book he very carefully explains the sense, — superficial according to Professor Babbitt — in which Goethe is a modernist and the sense in which he may be claimed as a humanist. The Goethe given us by Professor Babbitt is a very different person from the Goethe described by Mr. Fairley in his contributions to the controversy of 1930, and in his recent critical interpretation reviewed in this number. Which is the genuine Goethe I must leave to those more learned than I.

The seven other essays in this collection fall into two groups. There are studies of 'Romanticism and the Orient', 'The Critic and American Life', and 'The Humanism of M. Julien Benda', which with the titular essay will interest anyone who follows the trend of modern literature and culture. The studies of Schiller, Dr. Johnson, and Coleridge are written for the student of romantic literature and intended to brace the attitude taken twenty years ago in the most fundamental of Professor Babbitt's works — *The New Laocoon*. These three studies will certainly form a part of the humanist canon.

E. K. BROWN

ARTISTIC TRADITION

A SHORT HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING, by Eric G. Underwood (Oxford University Press; pp. 356; \$2.35).

FRANCE and art, French and artistic are synonymous terms. The arts have been as integral a part of the national life of France as government or trade and indissolubly linked with both, especially since the early seventeenth century, and they continue, among civilized peoples of the Occident, to exercise a prestige enjoyed by neither her government nor her commerce. 'France is the classic land of painting', declared Tschudi, the director of the Berlin National Gallery. Sceptics concerning nationality in art have plainly not been close students of the subject in general, least of all of French painting in particular. Consider side by side a given number of representative British and French pictures and the distinctive character of two traditions will be clearly revealed. One of the chief distinctions of the French pictures will be an all-pervading aesthetic awareness. It is this awareness, appearing in almost everything French — monarchy and manners, fashions and food — which brings it about that French and artistic are almost interchangeable terms.

Continuity is another striking aspect of French painting. There has never been any break in its development. The realism of the thirteenth century persists in Claude Lorrain in the seventeenth. David is in the line of Boucher, Degas in that of Ingres, Cézanne revives Poussin and Renoir Watteau. French art is constantly alive, ever experimenting, inventing

and renewing itself, ever adapting itself to the needs of changing generations. When it seemed about to be mired in formulae of the absolute there were already evident in it significant signs of early emancipation and renewal. This unique power has made Paris, since Watteau, the art capital of the world. Art in France is never taken by surprise. Evolving, so to speak, by a sort of prophetic sensibility it seems to surprise life itself by confronting life with emotions which are as yet hardly in the field of consciousness, forcing the life of today to face the emotions it will not experience until tomorrow.

These are the two aspects of French art, its aesthetic awareness and its vivid, mercurial orderliness, which form the underlying ideas of Mr. Eric Underwood's *Short History of French Painting*. Of the many books on this subject inspired by the recent opening of the French Galleries at the 'Tate' and the French Exhibition at Burlington House from January to March of this year, this *Short History* is the only one to cover the whole subject of French painting from the thirteenth century down to the present day. The last chapter on the modern 'School of Paris' is a trifle disappointing, in that no criticism or estimate is undertaken of contemporary tendencies which might enable the reader to fit these seeming incoherencies into the great tradition of which the whole book is the exposition. A little guidance would have helped the layman to eliminate the roughage. But the chapter is an interesting picture of Paris at its enormous gastric work of attracting, engulfing, assimilating, and unifying the most disparate intellectual and artistic elements. Mr. Underwood's book is necessarily documentary but it is never dull. His quiet narrative is constantly enlivened by gentle humour, living contacts and fine judgments. The illustrations are chosen with real discrimination and the addenda, including an Outline of Cultural History, Galleries where French paintings may be found, and an excellent index, add greatly to the value of the book. Altogether Mr. Underwood's *Short History* ranks with the best models of art manuals.

J. S. WILL

CONTINUITY AND CLOSE-UPS

A DAY'S TALE, by Lewis Gibbs (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 274; \$2.00).

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER, by Francis Carty (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 280; \$2.00).

THE MEMORIAL, by Christopher Isherwood (Hogarth Press; pp. 294; 7/6).

MR. GIBBS has written an unusually good first novel — more than that, an unusually good novel. On the framework of one day in the life of a small middle-class family in a London suburb, he has built up not only their characters but the characters of a number of very real, varied, and clearly drawn personalities whose lives touched or affected those of the original three. The narrow light of dawn broadens gradually, touching with a moment's sharp definite clarity some object, some person, and dies away with the ending day, leaving a sense of temporary, limited crisis and completeness inside a greater stream that has no finality. The touch is surprisingly sure; humour without brutality or boisterousness, sympathy without sentimentality. The movement is smooth and unlaboured, the incidents are handled with admirable balance, continuity, and freedom from con-

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fusion. The style is clear but not flat, the narrative while rapid and decisive enough, is not strained or over-emphasized, the interest lying rather in the experiencing than in the experiences of the characters. Distinctly a good book.

The Irish Volunteer, a Tailteann Prize novel, is an oddly effective and convincing work. The scrappy inconclusive development of the story, and the deliberately low pitch of the style, give an irresistible persuasion of actuality. It reads rather strangely, unless one has known something of the revolutionary rural Ireland that it accurately depicts, with its curious isolation and self-absorption, the ragged, orderly, savage, good-natured warfare, a mixture of idealism, adventure, and callous brutality, rising from a bitter hatred and unconquerable determination, but strangely free from hard feelings—much like what one imagines the minor wars of the Middle Ages must have been. Most foreigners are much more familiar with the revolutionary activities in Dublin; here, in the story of a young tradesman of a country town, we have almost a condensed account of the whole workings of the Sinn Féin movement in the country districts.

Without a word of bitterness, it shows how easily, how inevitably, moderate men, naively willing to co-operate in the expectation of decent treatment, were forced into armed resistance, with what pure-hearted, business-like innocence men can murder their opponents and sacrifice their sympathizers in a good cause. The book exemplifies well the direct, matured, unembarrassed simplicity that seems to be the gift of the Revolution to Irish writing, endowing it with a clear dignity and firmness it had never before possessed.

The Memorial is an unsure but talented book. The action hardly counts; the dialogue is easy, the characters smoothly and sympathetically drawn, though rather limited and irritating persons in themselves, and a little bookish. The style is mannered but fluent. There doesn't seem to be any particular reason why the four short books into which it is divided should come in the order 1928, 1920, 1925, 1929, rather than in any other order. It is capably written, but leaves rather the effect of being a precipitate from super-saturation with many good novels than of an urgent desire to say anything in particular. Rather a promising essay in technique than a valuable contribution to literature.

L. A. MACKEY

EURAMERAFRASIAN VERSES

VERSES, by Anna de Bary (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 47; \$1.25).

ALMS FOR OBLIVION, by Edward Doro (Casa Editorial Franco Ibero Americana; pp. 38).

SHADOWS OF THE AMATOLE, by D. J. Darlow (Longmans Green; pp. 62; \$1.25).

IX STUDIES, by J. H. (Deans and Sons; pp. 43).

THE CHILD, by Rabindranath Tagore (Allen and Unwin; pp. 21; \$.75).

ANNA DE BARY'S verses display a slender but genuine lyric gift, with ease and competence of expression, and a true and delicate sentiment that reaches at times a restrained but fine intensity of understanding, as in the lines, 'On a Certain Spinster'. There is nothing to dazzle in her verse, nothing very novel, but a great deal of justness and satisfaction; take the quatrain, 'Amazement of Love':—

How swift the change, yet how profound!
A shattering surprise

As though a dead man underground
Should see the sun arise.

I wish there were room to quote all of:—

What ails the fowl
That with feathers awry
She does nothing but scowl
And stare at the sky?

Edward Doro's work is extremely uneven. Some of it is very good, and some of it pretty empty. Occasional apparently undesigned stumblings in rhythm and oddities of idiom suggest that he is not completely at home in English, but he has a colourful touch and an interesting imagination. There is something to be expected of a man who can write:—

Night is no bag of stars, clasped with a jewel,
The beryl moon; no beast with deep black
maws;
No hearth where restless kittens turn and
mew
And scratch the silky hair with tired paws
To slit an apparition from their eyes,
The end to warmth and milk and paradise.

As D. J. Darlow has published several books of verse before, he ought to know better than to send us all the way from Africa such stuff as, (referring to liberty, comfort, and ecstasy):—

On the mountains I have found thee
Far above the roll of time;
In the loneliness of splendour
Where the silence is sublime.
Far above the teeming valley
I may stand alone and gaze
Down and down into its beauty
Veiled with a shimmering haze.

We have too many reams of that sort of thing at home to need to import any. There ought to be a law.

H. J. also makes one regret that good honest forests should be slashed down to make paper. For example:—

Broken slumber
did I sleep
too? days without number
and yet keep
some dim awareness
that I dreamed etc., etc.

Tagore offers a number of further thin slices of his florid and rhetorical prose, recounting the pilgrimage of the depressed, degraded, and visionless people after the Man of Faith, their weakening, rejection, and murder of him, and subsequent repentance and acceptance of his spirit. The theme has an undeniable dignity, and those that like his style in other works will like this too.

L. A. MACKEY

SUPRA-RATIONAL ABSOLUTE

SCEPTICISM AND CONSTRUCTION, by Charles A. Campbell (Allen & Unwin; pp. 322; \$3.75).

THE AUTHOR starts with Bradley's doctrine of the absolute as something beyond relations and hence, the conclusion should be, beyond knowledge, unintelligible. He accepts fully Bradley's criticism of human knowledge; it consists essentially in connecting 'differents' by means of a ground external to them, which in turn calls for grounding, and so on in endless regress; in consequence all our knowledge is of appearance only. The best we can attain is the intellectually incorrigible, never the intellectually satisfactory.

So much for scepticism. In the second part Mr. Campbell goes on to show that this position has congenial consequences in regard to freedom, the reality of moral obligation, the principle of moral evaluation and the goodness of God. All these elements of a constructive moral philosophy are derived from immediate intuition such as that which we have of our self and its experiences; and it is precisely the initial scepticism which drives us to these 'incorrigible' data which in turn enable us to reach 'final phenomenal truth'.

Behind this professed order of argument Mr. Campbell however reveals another and truer one. It is not really from Idealist metaphysics that he starts, but from the other end, from his own moral experience and commonsense, and from a perplexed sense of the reluctance with which philosophers 'accord to moral experience its full metaphysical significance'. The cause of this he finds in the obstinate belief that the real world is a rational fully intelligible system; for this makes freedom in the plain man's sense of free choice between genuine alternatives impossible, and with freedom, responsibility, obligation and the rest lose their real meaning. Hence, in conclusion, Mr. Campbell's 'Super-rational Absolute' or Unknowable Reality; which being an all-embracing mystery has room for minor mysteries within it.

The central doctrine, that of freedom, is a daring defence of the common man's immediate experience of an effort of will-daring because of its apparent ingenuousness. It is in fact difficult to believe that when we prefer a weaker, but higher desire to a strong low one (the description of a really free act given by the author) we are really 'creating' something which is to be called 'will-energy'; and that, though this is in no way to be confused with physical energy, we do thereby 'interrupt the casual order of nature'. One would need more evidence for this than the immediate deliverances of introspection. Here, I think a certain facility in brushing the sciences aside characteristic of one element at Oxford, and the lingering belief that modern psychology means the works of Professor McDougall, have played the author a bad turn. Freedom may be a mystery, even a miracle, as he says; but there are surely better ways of fitting it in than to assert that 'every significant act of will bids a man deny the postulate that reality is intelligibly ordered'.

In the last chapter, God of course turns out to be none other than the 'Supra-rational Absolute' itself. We are invited to solve the problem of how he can be the source of all and yet good, by a final appeal to intuition. The contradiction, 'crass' upon any other theory either becomes less crass or disappears, I don't know which, if postulating that God is unknowable and unintelligible, we turn to the mystic's intuitive acceptance of both propositions. This is surely 'a bare or unmediated conjunction of differentials' with a vengeance!

This unduly simplified account does less than justice to either Mr. Campbell's dialectical skill or his vigour. Particularly I should mention the critical acumen with which he handles such central doctrines of Idealism as Coherence, Degrees (of truth, or goodness, or reality), the doctrine of Individuality, and Moral obligation. I know of no better or more forceful treatment of these views in contemporary philosophical literature.

H. R. MACCALLUM

Just Between Ourselves —

WE should like to say a word or two in appreciation of your kind services in recommending *THE CANADIAN FORUM* to your friends. A special Order of Merit is due to the subscribers who send gift subscriptions to those of their acquaintances whom they consider worthy of entering the ranks of the readers of this journal.

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SHORT NOTICES

LIMITS AND RENEWALS, by Rudyard Kipling (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 400; \$1.75).

This is another of Mr. Kipling's peculiar mélanges of tales and poems, and it shows limits rather than renewals. It gives one a start to open a new book and find a poem beginning:—

Jelaludin Muhammed Akbar, Guardian of Mankind,
Moved his standards out of Delhi to
Jaunpore of lower Hind.

Some of the nineteen poems are bet-

ter than the one from which I have quoted and some are worse, much worse; the best of them sound like rural parodies of Housman. The tales, if they exhibit no novelty, have variety; and some of them are as good as the slighter pieces of Conrad which they resemble. Mr. Kipling reads the minds of men of action who have gone to the best schools, joined the best clubs, found out the best liquors and the best tobaccos; he is a master of their special idiom and, above all, he appreciates, as I who lack all their advantages cannot, their sense of humour. The first story, 'Dayspring Mishandled', a persuasive account of a Chaucerian forgery, has nothing in common with what follows. It is excellent and improves on re-reading.

E. K. B.

THE CRIME IN THE BOULEVARD RASPAIL, by Ruth Massey (Thomas Nelson; pp. 318; \$2.00).

Murder stories — for only Chesterton can write a first-rate crime story without a murder, and even he is better with one — murder stories divide themselves into two fairly clear classes; crime stories in general, and detective stories proper. It might save some confusion, and occasional disappointment, if publishers would make the distinction more clearly in their advertising. It is clear enough in the reading. In the crime story, the reader gets nothing but the thrill of following the narrative — often a very considerable interest: in the detective story, a much more difficult and rather finer type, the reader partakes in the chase, pitting his wits against the author's, and demanding a fair deal, with no ace up the sleeve, and no cards wild.

I am not sure that any of the regulars except Freeman Wills Croft, and perhaps the Coles, is thoroughly reliable. Nine-tenths of the murder stories are merely crime stories. They seem to aim, usually, at the higher type, but are so busy laying admirable false trails that they quite neglect to lay a real one. They may incidentally tell a very interesting yarn, but if one has been reading them

as a detective story, the disappointment sometimes overshadows the real merits of the story.

To save readers of THE FORUM from such discomfort, let it be said at once that *The Crime in the Boulevard Raspail* is a very good and thoroughly well-written crime story. It must be read purely as narrative. The author plays with deuces wild, and all of them up her sleeve, but it is a good thrilling yarn with plenty of action and diversity of character, and a good feeling for atmosphere. It is a pity the author of such a good first novel fell into the outworn convention of dabbling on a hasty and irrelevant love-tag. Love interest is just tolerable when it's an integral part of the story; when it isn't, it's just too bad.

You haven't a chance in the world of solving the crime, except by the old formula: there's no butler, and no narrator, and it isn't the doctor. Therefore it must be the ---- yes, you're right, it's the ---- himself. But just try and find any reason for deducing it. Aside from that, though, it's a rousing yarn, capably written, and if it doesn't hold your interest I miss my guess.

L. A. M.

THE EDUCATION OF JEREMY BENTHAM, by C. W. Everett (Columbia University Press; pp. 216; \$2.50).

The members of that school of disciples who made the name of Bentham famous in England did not know the master until he was past the age of sixty. They have left an impression of him as a quaint precise passionless old man who spent his days 'codifying like the very devil'. Mr. Everett, who has spent the last few years working over the Bentham manuscripts in the University of London and the British Museum, gives us quite a different picture. The young Bentham — this book covers the period from his birth in 1748 to the publication of the *Principles of Morals and Legislation* in 1789 — was a philosopher no doubt, but by no means an inhuman one. He engaged eagerly in amateur chemical experiments in the intervals of his law studies. He fell in love and abandoned his beloved because of parental disapproval, but it was not a mere case of sighing as a lover and obeying as a son. Having decided to be a man of the world, he tried unsuccessfully to make a rich match, and gave advice to his younger brother Samuel on how to win serving-maids. Then he almost fell in love again with the sister of Lady Shelburne. He went to Russia where he had various adventures and where he got the idea of the panopticon, which, so Mr. Everett tells us, has at last been carried into practice in the penitentiary at Joliet built in 1920. Lord Shelburne wanted to use

him as a party pamphleteer. But he preferred to stick to his own writing and devoted himself to filling innumerable manuscript pages some of which were later to be used by Dumont and some of which are only being turned into books by Mr. Everett today. This very interesting account of the first half of his life comes fittingly in the year in which Bentham's centenary is being celebrated.

F. H. U.

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL IDEAS OF SOME REPRESENTATIVE THINKERS OF THE AGE OF REACTION AND RECONSTRUCTION, 1815-65, edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw (Clarke Irwin & Co.; pp. 220; \$2.50).

The period after the earth-shaking upheavals of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars has so many resemblances to our own post-war generation that lectures upon its leading thinkers should be specially illuminating just now. It cannot be said that this series of lectures delivered a year ago at King's College, University of London, and now edited by the indefatigable Professor Hearnshaw, rises to the occasion. Chateaubriand, Coleridge, and Hegel are dealt with as representatives of conservatism, and Owen, Mill, and Hodgskin as exponents of progressive principles; while Comte and Austin are thrown in for good measure. Nearly all of the lectures have too much about the life of the man and not enough about his ideas; a great deal of what they have to say can be found in all the standard books. The one really valuable contribution consists in the analysis of Hegel's theory of the state by the Master of Balliol. Mr. Keith Feiling, of whom better things might be expected, only succeeds in making Coleridge's conservatism more incomprehensible than ever. Professor Hearnshaw himself threshes Austin's theory of law over again and produces the same old straw. This book, coming on top of a variety of collected lectures from the English academic world, makes one wonder just what kind of intellectual activity goes on in English universities nowadays.

F. H. U.

THE PASSIONATE SPINSTER, by William Platt (Eric Partridge; pp. 192; 6/-).

Granting that the extraordinary death in which this super-heated story ends be imaginary, it might well be an autobiography. I should hardly call it a 'serious novel' or 'written with wit and humour', but it is portentously solemn, and portentously funny. It deals with a plain, buxom, vital, country lass, with a tremendous sexual capacity for Passion and

Maternity, who gets no chance to exercise her talents because the flat-chested, slab-sided he-women cop off all the men. And most of them make a horrid mess of it. Frightfully tragic all over the shop, but good fun if you read fast enough not to be bored.

Written this way: 'In the arms of a big powerful man. Kissed unmercifully. Abandoned to the zest of it. In his arms. In his grip. In his power. Kissed. O, heavens, yes. Kissed. Gripped. In abandonment. And then again?'

In short, 'hellish dark, and smells of cheese.'

L. A. M.

AESCHYLUS, PROMETHEUS BOUND. Translated into English rhyming verse, with Introduction and Notes, by Gilbert Murray (Allen & Unwin; pp. 80; Cloth \$.90, Paper \$.60).

Professor Murray's famous versions of Greek plays have long been a cherished part of culture, of classical studies, and of the dramatic renaissance, in English-speaking countries. Their splendid merits, and their one undoubted weakness, are by this time too well known for elaborate comment—superb scholarship, marvellous poetic sensitiveness, but a forcible expansion of tulips into rhododendrons. The plays are there indeed, but their simple Greek vesture has sprouted ribbons at every corner. Everyone in Murray is far more eloquent, more self-explanatory, than anyone in the original plays.

This version shows the charm familiar in its predecessors; but the Prometheus itself being composed in language notably stiff and gaunt, the divergence between this Swinburne manner and the original is more marked:—

It were happiness to live thus for ever,
Untroubled, and in hope of things
to be,
Making joy by the music of the River;
But I tremble when mine eyes turn
to thee. . . .

This delightful saccharine will intoxicate many, but it is assuredly not Aeschylus, least of all Aeschylus before the *Oresteia*. The truth is, this play has indeed nobility and greatness, but no verbal beauty at all; those who come to it from Shelley all agog with excitement about 'the Greek sense of beauty' are woefully disappointed. It is a great deal more like *Everyman* than *Atlanta in Calydon*. Further, it is disappointing, not merely as verse, but as drama—unless we do what few consent to do—consider it as it was written, with two companion plays to set it in focus, and with Hesiod and a great deal of less articulate folklore behind it.

G. N.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN

STUDENT VERSES, 1932. Broadsheet No. 5 (University of Saskatchewan).

WOMAN UNVEILED, by Marion Isabel Angus, Vancouver Bindery; pp. 95).

THE RIDDLE OF MIGRATION, by William Rowan (Williams & Wilkins; pp. xiv, 151; \$2.00).

THE IMPERIAL ECONOMIC CONFERENCE, by Harry H. Harris (McGill Bldg., Montreal; pp. 16; \$.25).

THE CRIME IN THE BOULEVARD RASPAIL, by Ruth Massey (Thomas Nelson & Sons; pp. viii, 318; \$2.00).

GENERAL

WHY BIRDS SING, by Jacques Delamain (Longmans, Green; pp. xxxvi, 298; \$2.75).

ROMAN BRITAIN, by R. G. Collingwood (Oxford University Press; pp. 160; \$1.75).

WHAT IS BEAUTY, by E. F. Carritt (Oxford University Press; pp. 111; \$1.00).

MR. DU QUESNE AND OTHER ESSAYS, by John Beresford (Oxford University Press; pp. 211; \$2.25).

UNITY SERIES. IX. THE NEW WORLD-ORDER, Edited by F. S. Marvin (Oxford University Press; pp. 188; \$2.50).

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA, by Sir John A. R. Marriott (Oxford University Press; pp. x, 322; \$3.75).

PRE-WAR LADY, by Margaret Widemer (Oxford University Press; pp. 280; \$2.00).

THE ANSWERING GLORY, by R. C. Hutchinson (Oxford University Press; pp. 303; \$2.00).

EUPALINOS OR THE ARCHITECT, by Paul Valery. Translated by W. McC. Stewart (Oxford University Press; pp. xii, 96; \$2.50).

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The Reader's FORUM

MONEY

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

Do social reformers realize the fundamental character and the surpassing urgency of the money question? In the minds of twenty millions of workless there arises (all too inaudibly and in-

frequently) the query, 'Why are we in this plight?' The most popular answers are, 'It is due to capitalism, human nature, the War, or gold'. But all of these were in full operation three years ago, when employment was relatively plentiful, and prosperity rampant, com-

pared with present conditions. Human nature and the War have not changed greatly in the meantime. The quantity of gold in the world today is greater than ever before. And the feature of Capitalism that seems most disastrous is its amazing efficiency, its irrepressible productiveness, the veritable Niagara of actual physical wealth of every sort, beyond even utopian dreams, which it waits to be allowed to turn out. Production, since the War, whether privately or publicly controlled, has been a magnificent success. Distribution, whose only tool is money, has been the most ghastly failure. In whichever direction we turn, it is money that blocks our escape. The vast productive machine crawls on at quarter capacity. Anything beyond that 'could not be sold at a paying price'. Why? Either because those who have the money won't spend it, or else because there is not enough money in existence to buy the potential output at current prices. Is there any third alternative? Yet the proposal to print and distribute in the form of wages more money, raises shrieks of horror. In U. S. A., as Dr. Marvin recently pointed out, the decline in loans and investments during four months was at the rate of six billion dollars per year. Would it be a permissible paraphrase to say that money was annihilated at the rate of twenty-five per cent. per year? When were those particular billions created, and put into circulation? Where were the shrieks of horror then? When is 'Inflation' not inflation? Is the answer, 'When it puts money into bankers' pockets'? If private enterprise goes on strike or becomes paralyzed with fear to such an extent that it fails to function adequately, is it not the obvious duty of the state to print new money and initiate production itself? In fact, might not national control of the money supply, with the avowed object of stabilizing the price level, as proposed by Prof. Soddy in *Money versus Man*, put an end to these 'strikes' or paralytic strokes of private enterprise altogether?

Yours, etc.,
J. C. WILSON

Montreal

HIGH IDEALS

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir:

I must have expressed myself very badly anent an international auxiliary language. I had no intention of leading up to several of the inferences drawn by your contributor, Mr. E. J. Bengough, in the April issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM. But first let me say that I appreciate both his article and the spirit in which it is written; and I quite agree that 'every per-

sonal contact that can be developed between one nation and another helps to bind the world together'.

There are two points on which I should like briefly to reply. Mr. Bengough thinks that I am possibly right in thinking that the best way of approaching a Frenchman is through the French language. 'But', he asks, 'what about a Norwegian, a Persian or a Chinese?' I am open to correction on the point, but I had always understood that Norwegians and Chinese are as appreciative of their respective national cultures and languages as are other nations.

But it is Mr. Bengough's comments upon idealism that interest me most. I did not mean to imply, as he infers, that all or any of us ought to take the attitude that idealism does not pay. Nor did I intend to suggest that anyone should abandon his ideals until pay were in sight. I meant the statement as one of simple fact; and as such I think it is valid. I did not mean that idealism is not a good thing for mankind, but that it does not profit the individual man. Sooner or later, the possessor of high ideals must choose between them and prosperity. He will find himself at the mountain top, and will hear the whispering voice: 'All these things will I give thee, if . . .'

We all know what chance an idealist has of winning an election—unless he is also a simpleton. We know how idealism was sacrificed in the great war to make the world safe for millionaires. The reward of the idealist is certainly not in this world, or of it; I am unconcerned with any other world.

Mr. Bengough asks where, if we abandoned our ideals, the poor old world would find its prophets, priests, and leaders. Well . . . where does it find them? Look at them!

Yours, etc.,

H. M. RAYNER

Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask.

SLOPPY WRITING

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir:

Mr. Sandwell makes a very mild and cautious reference to the abuse of the word 'inchoate', and stops short. He might from the casual reading of a few months have collected material for a full length article on 'Howlers by World-Famous Authors' or 'The Illiteracy of the Intelligentsia'. The despised Victorian writers seemed to be acquainted with the English language, but now Dogberry and Mrs. Malaprop are back again and apparently no one laughs at them. One would not object to liberties taken consciously and daringly and intelligently, for then the writer might strike out something brilliant, and actually enrich the

language. But where he exhibits mere ignorance and gawkiness, eats peas with his knife as it were, he should be called to account. It is curious to see how, when one author makes one of these blunders, battalions of equally darkened souls rush in, seize on the succulent new phrase and use it so freely that millions get the impression that it is standard English.

To return to 'inchoate'. Ignoring obscure scribblers, one may mention that W. J. Locke misuses it in *The House of Baltazar*, Lord Birkenhead in an article in the *Century*, George Moore in *Confessions of a Young Man*, and Peter B. Kyne in *Kindred of the Dust*, while Winston Churchill in *Aftermath* actually invents 'choate' as an antonym.

H. G. Wells, Oppenheim, and Richard Jefferies think 'laden' and 'soddened' are English words. Ernest Raymond and T. P. O'Connor honestly believe that 'assoil' means 'to strain or soil'. A Canadian professor of English talks of 'nations and the men and women who comprise (1) them'. Another Canadian professor says 'we may hypothecate (for 'hypothesize') a natural cause'. (Why not say 'assume'?). Frank Crane and an eminent Canadian editor believe that 'restrictions of output mitigate (1) against high wages'. Sheila Kaye-Smith sends her wooden Joanna to live on a 'Peninsular' in the south of England. Nearly everybody loves to tell us that a war is 'waging' about something, and that when you make a deduction in reasoning, you 'deduct'. Kyne and Ashmead Bartlett use 'flaunt' and 'float' interchangeably. 'Beseeched' is common, perhaps a reminiscence of 'They seeked him up the chimney-flue'. Any scene of confusion, though bloodless, is a 'shambles'. (Sinclair Lewis *et al.*). 'Protagonist' means 'advocate' to Sir Norman Angell.

One perfect gem, a masterpiece, quite equal to anything attributed by Shakespeare to Mrs. Quickly or Lancelot Gabbato, may be found in Fannie Hurst's *Appassionata*. Fear of the Comstockian Society forbids quotation, but anyone who will take the trouble to turn up the scene where Laura is doing her daily dozen and pauses to look at herself will be amply repaid.

One of the saddest features of the general lapse into sloppiness is that we no longer have any right to laugh at the mere school-boy's howlers, such as, 'The equator is a menagerie lion running round the earth', or, 'If you look down a volcano you can see the creator smoking'.

Yours, etc.,

J. DUFF

Sidney, B.C.

FREE SPEECH BUT NO VIOLENCE

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,

Sir:

The current criticism of Section 98 of the Criminal Code has sometimes overlooked the fact that two sections are involved: one dealing with and guaranteeing the right of constitutional agitation, the other prohibiting organized violence. Section 98 sought the latter, while in the earlier Code Section 133 protected the former. When Section 98 was inserted, Section 133 was deleted. The net result was to suggest that the right of constitutional agitation for reform had been abrogated, and this was intensified owing to a wide-spread misunderstanding of Section 98.

This Section dealt only with one matter, membership in an unlawful society, and what might constitute evidence thereof. It had nothing to say about the holding or propagating of social economic or political doctrines; but it made criminal the membership in any society which, among other things, defended or advocated change in institutions by means of personal force or violence. There is room for criticism of some of the details of the Section, but its main object does not warrant hostility. If persons unite in an organization which proposes to use violence against the state, they can hardly complain if the state anticipates their action by forcible restraint. But the ground of prohibiting violence is the assurance of freedom constitutionally to agitate. There is little doubt that, whatever the law says, this right is ignored if not denied by many responsible persons in and beyond Toronto.

It is therefore important that the public recognize a new fact — the deleted section has now been restored as Section 133A and the text of this article is important and interesting. It was derived from British law which abstained from defining sedition positively, but did define it negatively. That the well-established law of Britain should have been displaced by one derived from American law, when law was least respected under President Wilson's Attorney General, is itself significant.

Section 133A now reads as follows:—

No one shall be deemed to have a seditious intention only because he intends in good faith

a. To show that His Majesty has been misled or mistaken in His measures; or, b. To point out errors or defects in the government or constitution of the United Kingdom or of any part of it, or of Canada or any province thereof, or in either House of Parliament of the United Kingdom or of Canada, or in any legislature, or in the administration of justice;

or to excite His Majesty's subjects to attempt to procure by lawful means the alteration of any matter in the state; or,

c. To point out, in order to their removal, matters which are producing, or have a tendency to produce feelings of hatred and ill will between different classes of His Majesty's subjects;

Now it is clear that the closing phrases of sub-section (b) leave the door wide open for any agitation so long as change is advocated by constitutional means. There was a time when this might not have been held to allow action by a Trade Union or Congress of Unions. Even now it may be held that the attempt to impress upon the nation the desperate situation of a large section of people, by means of a general strike, is outside constitutional means. But at present we are concerned in Canada with the right to advocate in an orderly manner changes in economic structure which are held by men of political and economic eminence to be essential to social recovery. When the police authority of a leading city obstructs the effort of a group to hear an address by Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, for many years member of the House of Commons and increasingly influential among thoughtful citizens, the time has come to ask when administration will keep in line with law.

We have had convictions registered for seditious offences which have been quashed by the appellate courts on the ground that the literature in question, however offensive, was not seditious. But our police still act as though the advocacy of constructive changes in economic structure were seditious. As one who has no desire to see a communist order in Canada, I wish to see adopted as soon as convenient those changes which in some form

must become part of our national programme. If we are to be ruled by phobias and class passion one sees small chance for orderly change.

May I take this opportunity of bearing testimony to the eminently constructive and reasonable methods with which Mr. Woodsworth has associated himself. During those critical years preceding the Winnipeg strike Mr. Woodsworth was working in Vancouver steadying the labour organizations while I was doing something towards educating the employing groups. The result was wholly good and considerable steps were taken towards better industrial relations. But when the Winnipeg strike broke out Mr. Woodsworth went to the scene; and with his strong Quaker tendencies sought appeasement, with the result that he was almost at once subjected to criminal prosecution from which he emerged triumphantly vindicated. Surely it is time that those responsible would welcome frank utterance of the very things which Section 133A designs to protect. If our ruling class persists in silencing reasonable and informed persons like Mr. Woodsworth — even to the point of treating him in the Commons with contempt — are we not inviting outbursts of violence from those who are denied a hearing?

The object of this letter is to direct attention to the fact that the statute law has re-affirmed our freedom of constitutional agitation and that our police and municipal authorities ought peacefully to accept the law in its obvious intention. Let them enforce Section 98 reasonably and effectively but give indications of their own constitutional temper by respecting the affirmations of Section 133A.

Yours, etc.,

ERNEST THOMAS

Toronto



ROMANCE AND REALISM

THE best film, and the only real cinema, of the month is *The White Devil*, a UFA production, directed by Alexander Wolkoff. The scenario, based on Tolstoi's *Hadji Murat*, emerges not as a psychological study but as a romance, and Wolkoff has directed it as such, with an ending that is pleasant, though indeed some leagues removed from the painfully inevitable, heavily happy get-together which seems the inflexible rule for crowning the Hollywood romance. Add to these — romance, happy ending — the

facts that not only the famous Don Cossacks but also the Russian Imperial Ballet display their talents in the picture; that the leading role is played by Ivan Mosjoukin, whose work in *Michael Strogoff* was very popular; that Lil Dagover, who has made a fairly successful American debut, is featured; and especially that the feminine lead is played by a girl named Betty — and it appears passing strange that the film's only appearances in this country seem likely to be in a very few very small second and third-run theatres. What better advance publicity could one ask than the title and the fore-

going assemblage of facts, added to the prestige of the author, Tolstoi, who, I was recently informed, 'has been writing for *Liberty* lately'.

It is a sad fact that, government investigation or not, Mr. Zukor's boys have such an enforced predilection for the Hollywood product that the half-a-dozen British pictures which have squeezed into the running this year have done so with the utmost difficulty. As to hoping for a look at one of René Clair's cinematic gems, any of which would pack the houses just as *Sunshine Susie* has done, or *Zwei Herzen* which would without a shadow of doubt do the same, or Eisenstein's *Viva Mexico*, which would do well, if the population could be persuaded that they were not to be shown a geographical demonstration of the theory of relativity — well, one might as well hope for intelligent movie censorship (even the *Toronto Globe* took a crack at the recent fruitless pruning of *Letty Lynton*).

To return to *The White Devil*, Hadji Murat, a young Caucasian widower, promises his little son to bring him a new mother. Zaida, a dancing girl of the village, falls in love with Hadji, who, insulted by her father, attacks him and earns his hatred. Later, Hadji allows himself to be taken prisoner by a deserting soldier of the Tsar, who brings him in and is decorated for courage. Hadji, taken before the Tsar, is commanded to lead the Imperial troops against his own people. At first he refuses, but then in feigned fear gives in. At the theatre that night Zaida leads the Imperial Ballet, and intrigues the Tsar with her beauty. He is prevented from forcing her into an affair by the Tsaritsa, who later warns Hadji that the girl is in danger. Meantime the girl has met Hadji and has won his heart. He goes to rescue her and by the timely intervention of the Tsaritsa is saved from capture by the Tsar. Marrying Zaida, he remains in the Tsar's service, and is sent against his own people. His intended treachery to the Tsar is discovered, but he escapes with his wife. They are all but overtaken, when he sends her on in charge of his men and with two others awaits the enemy. His father-in-law, learning of Hadji's real loyalty, has him rescued, badly wounded but still living. He returns home and presents his little son with the promised 'new mother'.

If there is a flaw in the direction, it is that the scenes, while individually perfect, leap a little suddenly two or three times. It may be, however, that the barrage of childishly simple American films has made me a trifle slow-witted. Again — though this is addressed to the scenarist — it would actually have been

very difficult for Hadji to find a Moslem priest in Moscow. Otherwise, the story is good, the direction both strong and sensitive, and the camera work quite brilliant. The two exterior shots of the Caucasian village are beautifully designed pictures.

The American director — with few exceptions — feels obliged to keep his action 'hopped up' either with obvious physical movement or with dialogue. The result is that the silent moments lack subtlety, and advance the story only by heavy jumps; while the smoother advance is left to the dialogue, which is not a cinema medium, and ought, if used at all, to be resorted to only as a means of avoiding cinematic circumlocution. Such technique has been used occasionally by American directors — in *Hallelujah* and *Transatlantic*, and, I am told, in *Grand Hotel* — but seldom more than spasmodically. Of German direction, on the other hand, it is the very basis. Besides *The White Devil*, *The Blue Angel* is the only German talkie to be shown here, but all Von Sternberg's and Lubitsch's work has shown the same basic principle. It's about time the Americans began to use their mind's eye a little.

Mosjoukin's performance, a great advance over his Michael Strogoff, demonstrates the possibility of being both subtle and romantic. His glances, his slight but meaningful facial expressions, are superb cinema. Betty Amann likewise achieves both fascination and subtlety, and Lil Dagover of course is excellent. You will notice, if you are lucky enough to track this film down, her resemblance, both in features and technique to Lynn Fontanne. The Tsar, a perfect likeness, I am told, of Nicholas I, and the deserting soldier, who ranges from the pathetically dumb to the richly comic, are splendid performances. The musical accompaniment is very fine.

Tarzan, the Ape Man is an incredibly stupid adaptation of the delightful old Tarzan tale, with passable dialogue by Ivor Novello (who must have chuckled at receiving that as his first Hollywood assignment), grafted on to another African travelogue, well photographed, but with that annoyingly obvious guide explaining all about everything. The actors are capable, and W. S. Van Dyke has filmed the animal scenes with appropriate speed and excitement; but he has done little to make the scenario even romantically plausible. It is rather amusing, for example, that the whole party, after braving all sorts of fearsome jungle noises, should be suddenly panic-stricken by a cackling pipe, emitted, one would say, by the offspring of an alliance between a Rhode Island Red and a piccolo-player.

As is usual in this sort of picture, the outstanding performance is given by a small ape of philosophic-humorous mien, who occasionally runs riot and gleefully pokes fun at the whole business. One ought also to mention the seven-hundredth screen appearance of the gorilla who has played in every movie requiring the appearance of such a beast since *The Lost World*. So frequently has this fellow lost his life on screen that his supply of that commodity must be rivalled only by Joan Crawford's unlimited reserve of virginity.

Man Wanted, a still more conventional romance, is not bad entertainment — chiefly through capable handling of dialogue, and excellent performances by Andy Devine and Una Merkel. It hurts, though, to hear our David Manners say, 'She's bin redooing'.

And now for the realism, represented by the movie of Upton Sinclair's *The Wet Parade*. The outstanding feature of this production is the amazing candour of its revelations regarding prohibition 'enforcement'. Beginning in the South, where a number of Southern gentlemen are drinking themselves to death — in the case of Lewis Stone (who as usual gives an excellent performance) to suicide — it moves northward and introduces us to a blowsy windbag politician with a rich whiskey baritone, who sinks down and tucks until in a moment of bootleg madness he kills his wife. That anyone could witness Walter Huston's magnificent portrayal of this character without sensing something of the horror of uncontrolled indulgence is difficult to imagine. Then comes a very clever — though perfectly reasonable — twist. Kip, the son of the old soak, becomes a prohibition agent, and throws himself heart and soul into the cause — only to find, of course, that men of sincerity like himself constitute a tiny fraction of one per cent. of the great law-enforcing body. His gradual disillusionment, culminating with the death of his fellow-agent, is vividly drawn, and at the end we are left with a clear vision of the unholiness, and the hope — but no more — that some remedy may be devised.

There is too much dialogue, of course, and now and then a bit of ranting. On the whole, though, the restraint in this direction is admirable. But the director, Victor Fleming, has remained pretty consistently in the obvious-action and heavy-on-dialogue rut. Yet there are several splendid shots — notably some of the old soak at various stages of his decay, and the scene of the big bootleg conference with a collection of Hollywood's hardest faces, which probably fall little short of doing justice to their metropolitan prototypes. The acting is all quite capable.

Robert Young and Dorothy Jordan are quite convincing, and Neil Hamilton, of all people, is almost brilliant. Jimmie Durante, he of the Cyranoesque appendage, has the best line he'll ever have—'Look at me! The body of a gladiator and the face of a canoe.'

The Wet Parade is an extremely able and well-presented argument for education in drinking.

PAUL GARDNER

GRAND HOTEL

IN this matter of galactic casting, the burning—pardon us—the scintillating question for some time has been the possibility and probable consequences of the conjunction of one of these dazzling constellations with a plot, or even—since all things are possible—with a plot and a director. Presumably only the most rosily optimistic of the devotees of the cinema have devoted many hours to the contemplation of this remote contingency, but somewhere in Hollywood some Master Mind has seen the beckoning twinkle of the vision and translated it into practical astronomy—and *Grand Hotel*, which is hereby submitted as the answer to the above-mentioned problem in the relativity of the heavenly bodies.

Our first requirement, the genuineness of the galaxy, may, we suppose, be taken as axiomatic. Garbo, the Barrymore brothers, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone—'well, we mean to say, what!' Their admirable, in some cases surprising, proof of the 'true inwardness' of their luminosity is superfluous at this point, though sound. The story, embracing, as it does, the whole life of a great hotel, is prodigal of possibilities, and the keying of its theme to the dulled perceptions of the Doctor—spiritually burnt out by the war—is a way of approach admirably suited to the screen presentation. As for the director, the nature of the picture is such as to throw into bold relief his function and capabilities. When the unity and dramatic integrity of a production depends so inevitably upon pattern, coordination, and calculated pitch, as they do in *Grand Hotel*, the director stars. And in this case Edmund Goulding has nothing to lose by the spotlight. In judgment, balance and insight he is almost unerring. If there are points where one is tensed against disaster, it is only to see again finely demonstrated, how in dramatic presentation a miss can often be immeasurably better than a mile.

'Same thing every day. They come and they go—the Grand Hotel—nothing ever happens.' Thus Lewis Stone's admirable Doctor, living each day like the one before, waiting always for contacts with life that never come. 'Nothing ever

happens!' And in the space of the travail of a woman—what intensity and concentration, what mingled and mutually enhanced significance and futility are achieved by those fragmentary telephonic communications of the anxious commissionaire!—a quintet of lives, fortuitously linked, is brought to fulfillment or frustration in a manifold gamble—for money, life, love—essentially for happiness. Death steps in. They win or lose and go their ways, their places filled as soon as vacated. 'They come and go—the Grand Hotel—nothing ever happens.'

The point of greatest danger, most successfully overcome, is just at the end of the story of the main characters. Their departure leaves a sense of blankness and futility which is close to the verge of flatness and disappointment. The curtain cannot go down on a stage empty of character. Now it is that the culminating significance of the theme is achieved, the centre of the stage assumed by its rightful occupant—the Grand Hotel itself. The controlling figure which has lurked all the while in the background stands revealed at last, as new lives are committed to its inscrutable decrees. And with the newcomers returns also something of virtue and vitality that had gone from us. The happy arrival of the long-awaited baby is at once a relief from strain and a symbolic consummation; the blissful bride and groom lift our spirits to their own more sparkling atmosphere, with a sense of surging exhilaration; and the crowded bus, arriving on the very instant of the Doctor's last declaration of futility, brings to the receptive mind, endless vistas, intuitions of a million dramas as stirring as the one just terminated—the daily tribute of humanity to the brooding, enigmatic, aloof spirit which is the Grand Hotel.

The twofold nature of the problem of

casting has already been indicated, and not least of the agreeable surprises afforded by *Grand Hotel* is the sterling performance which confirms the stellar rank of the principal actors, notable especially for its admirable and seemingly effortless team-play. To one accustomed to the planned inspiration and assistance of a deliberately subordinated supporting cast, the task of developing one of several equally significant parts in such a manner as to reconcile its highest fulfillment with the presentation of the fullest conception of each of the other roles and players, is a new and exacting one. Yet in *Grand Hotel* we have a group of individually sound and satisfying, sometimes highly distinguished, dramatic portraits, created, by cooperation both planned and intuitive, into a dramatic unity surpassing in quality the best of any individual role and reducing to triviality any individual unevennesses and failings. We have, too, a carefully preserved distinctness among the lesser figures in the play, making stringent demands of excellence which receive a high average of compliance.

Grand Hotel is not a perfect picture. As such it would be a miracle, a 'fluke', a distinctly special case. Actually it is something much more valuable and significant. It is a serious and studied application of coordinated equality as opposed to consistent grading as an instrument of synthesis of the 'real-life' plot, with its structural looseness and incongruity. The problem thus attacked is an immediate one, and to be held before our eyes by the forthcoming screen version of *Strange Interlude*. Whatever method of solution may be employed by the latter production, its way should be made easier by the inspired conception and admirable execution of the method of *Grand Hotel*.

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